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THE LAST OF THE INDIRECT CLAIMS.

THE Arbitrators at Geneva have effected with admirable judgment a result which had been for some days past confidently anticipated. The only issue which had been raised on the part of England was whether the Indirect Claims were included in the submission which was itself to be found in the Treaty. The American Government has now, before the beginning of the inquiry, for reasons of which it is the exclusive judge, formally withdrawn the disputed claims. The functions of the Arbitrators practically commence from the date at which Lord TENTERDEN handed in the English argument. The previous proceedings were wholly preliminary and formal, although they may have involved substantial and important consequences. The Arbitrators judiciously abstained from assuming jurisdiction over the scope of the reference. They only expressed their individual and collective opinion, not that the claims were or were not covered by the Treaty, but they were in their nature improper to be submitted to arbitration. It is possible that the mode of evading a difficulty wilfully created by the American Government may have been concocted between Mr. FISH and Mr. ADAMS. In some of the discussions in the House of Commons it was incidentally observed that no nation could have voluntarily submitted to arbitration the question whether it was liable to damages which might have been measured by hundreds of millions. The Arbitrators condemn more severely the conduct of the authors of the American Case when they formally declare that the claims could not constitute good foundation for an award of compensation or computation of damages between nations. If the supporters of General GRANT or of Mr. GREELEY can extract from the proceedings at Geneva any consolation for national vanity, it will not be worth while to disturb their complacency. They will probably assert that the question in dispute has after all been settled by the Arbitrators, who in truth merely provided the American Government with facilities for withdrawal. The rules of international law are wholly unaffected by the authoritative expression of opinion. Less cautious jurists might have fallen into the error of condemning in principle the claims of which they only affirm that they could not serve as a foundation for pecuniary damages. Lord CAIRNS was precipitate in his complaint that the decision might have been dangerous if it had been favourable to the claims. If it were possible to imagine that the Arbitrators could, before entering on the inquiry, have approved the principle of the claims, the English agent would have still had the opportunity of withdrawing from any share in proceedings which had not yet commenced. Mr. PERCY WYNDHAM, who undertook at a moment's notice the lead of the Opposition, has probably satisfied himself on reflection that he might have more judiciously left the subject to Mr. DISRAELI.

The Arbitrators and the agents of the litigant Powers may claim the credit of having kept their counsel during the preliminary proceedings. The enterprise of the New York papers has not been equal to the task of purchasing confidential communications; and the less ambitious efforts of English Correspondents have naturally been ineffectual. It generally happens that when all the parties to a transaction desire the same object, they contrive to surmount difficulties of detail. In this case, the Arbitrators, the English, and the Americans were all on various grounds sincerely anxious to save the Treaty; and they were also agreed on the iniquity and inadmissible character of the notorious claims in dispute. Nevertheless the conditions of the problem were singularly embarrassing and complex. The English agents were restrained by the reiterated pledges of their Government from submitting to the Arbitrators an issue which had, according to their contention, not been included in the terms of reference. The

American agents, on the other hand, had, as it was thought, been instructed to insist on an award, although Mr. FISH had taken the strange course of informing Lord GRANVILLE that the American Arbitrator was opposed to a recognition of the claims. It was certain that the members of the Tribunal would do their utmost to facilitate a compromise, but it was difficult for them to take the initiative. There were serious objections to a prolonged adjournment, although, in the absence of a special limitation, every Court is competent to determine the time at which it may think fit to proceed with an inquiry. The chances of a prosperous result were probably increased by the peculiar constitution of the Tribunal, which includes among its members two eminent and able representatives of the parties to the dispute. Mr. ADAMS and the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE were of course in constant communication with the counsel and agents of their respective Governments, and they had the opportunity of enabling their colleagues to become informally acquainted with any overtures or suggestions which might be useful for their guidance. Direct negotiations between the Governments was happily rendered impossible by the inconvenient attributes of the American Senate. The Government of the United States is incapable of appointing a plenipotentiary, because the acts of any diplomatic agent may be disavowed by an authority from which he has not received instructions. For one half of the year, during the recess of the Senate, the most trifling international arrangements must be suspended. American Presidents and Ministers have often, with the characteristic adroitness of their nation, contrived to profit by the disabilities to which they are subject. The PRESIDENT might at his pleasure have modified the Case which had been presented in his name, but he preferred to simple retraction a project of treaty which enabled him to transfer his responsibility to the Senate.

By their mode of conducting the controversy the Americans have secured some of the advantages which frequently reward the audacity of adventurous advocates. Under cover of a supposed abandonment of the Indirect Claims they induced the English Commissioners to admit that the remote and consequential expenses of the American navy resulted directly from the proceedings of the Confederate cruisers. In a later stage of the discussion they have diverted attention from the offensive tone and matter of their Case, except so far as it included the Indirect Claims; yet there can be little doubt that intelligent Americans are seriously annoyed at the untenable position which their Government has assumed. Mr. FISH's recent assertion that no pecuniary award on account of the Indirect Claims had been expected is a confession that the demand which was preferred in the plainest language was unjust and extortionate. When Mr. FISH's agent, six months ago, laid his damages for the Indirect Claims at three or four hundred millions, his unscrupulous pretensions were almost more plausible than the late contention of the SECRETARY of STATE. The Treaty contemplated pecuniary demands alone, and it conferred no power on the Arbitrators to decide theoretical issues. The American Government seems to have persuaded itself that Mr. SUMNER's monstrous figments, which were afterwards adopted by Mr. FISH, could only be finally abolished by a judgment of the Geneva Tribunal; but, except so far as the Indirect Claims were connected with pecuniary claims, the Arbitrators were incapable of entertaining the question. If the English Government had been weak enough to enlarge the terms of the original submission, there can be little doubt that the American agents would have concentrated their energies on the object of obtaining enormous pecuniary damages for the enhancement of the rate of insurance, and for the pretended prolongation of

the war. Mr. FISH has in his later despatches failed to remember that the gross sum originally demanded by the American Commissioners must have included damages for the Indirect Claims, inasmuch as it largely exceeded all the alleged losses caused by the acts of the Confederate cruisers.

In anticipation of the preliminary rejection of the Indirect Claims by the Tribunal, the apologists of the American Government have already described the proceeding of the Tribunal as a justification of the presentation of the claims. A plaintiff who professes to be satisfied with an adverse verdict or with a non-suit acknowledges that his action has been litigious and unjust. The Americans have in the present instance been conscious that they are exposed to both imputations; but they hoped to conceal their defeat on the main contention by dwelling on the collateral issue whether the extortionate claims were covered by the Treaty. The tone and arguments of their apologists have been subjected to a curious change since the earlier days of the controversy. The English Correspondent of a New York newspaper, who boldly affirmed that all parties in the United States supported the claims, and that the English Commissioners had acquiesced in referring them to arbitration, must feel painfully that he has been left in the lurch by his own Government; while the sharp practice of Mr. BANCROFT DAVIS has been almost unanimously condemned by respectable politicians in the United States. For some time past Mr. FISH has been occupied in devising measures for getting rid of the claims without openly admitting that they were originally wrongful. His hopes were temporarily disappointed by the capricious amendments introduced by the Senate into the Supplementary Article; and he has since been manœuvring through his agents to throw on the Geneva Tribunal the burden of rejecting the claims. It would not be just to blame the Americans for efforts to save from failure a Treaty which is almost exclusively advantageous to themselves. The ostentatious anxiety of the English Government to effect the same result, though it is not in itself discreditable, has perhaps been a diplomatic mistake. The American Government has been more than once misled by Lord GRANVILLE's pertinacious ingenuity in suggesting new methods of settlement. It is at least possible that the promoters of the Indirect Claims might have been earlier brought to their senses by a plain intimation that the failure of a litigation concerns the claimant of damages rather than the defendant. Any unfavourable judgment of the conduct of the English Government would be at least premature; and it is right that those who are charged with the conduct of a negotiation should lean to conciliation rather than to defiance. One of the best qualities of professional diplomatists is the dispassionate calmness which it is the business of their lives to cultivate. It is only when the encroaching spirit of an adversary is encouraged by concession that the display of a pacific disposition may possibly become mischievous. After all that has passed there is no reason to grudge either the detention of the English agents and counsel for a week or two at Geneva before the commencement of their main business, or the expense of the telegraphic messages which have passed backwards and forwards. It was far more desirable that the question should be settled on the spot than that the abandonment of the claims should be purchased at the cost of accepting another newfangled supplement to international law. The retrospective rules are the most obnoxious part of a Treaty which is otherwise not satisfactory, and the cumbrous phrases of the Supplementary Article might easily have served as the foundation of future misunderstandings. There would not have been the smallest advantage in the judicial rejection or diplomatic prohibition of forms of extortion which have never been recognized by any civilized nation, except when the American Government thought fit in an evil hour to adopt the extravagances of Mr. SUMNER. It is possible that the conduct of a neutral might be the direct cause of the prolongation of a war, although, as Mr. FISH justly observed, such conduct would be a foundation rather for hostilities than for a claim of damages. The terms of the Supplementary Article might, if it had been ratified, not improbably have been quoted by the American Government in defence of a repetition of its repeated connivance at Fenian invasions of Canada. The unofficial intimation addressed by the Arbitrators to the American agent was distinguished by the rare merit of being adequate to the solution of the immediate difficulties, while it implied no assumption of authority to establish any general precedent.

#### MR. DISRAELI AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

ONCE more the Conservatives have been cheered with a great banquet and a great speech. Mr. DISRAELI's speech on Monday was in its way a masterpiece. It was full of novelty, of telling points, of vigorous and highflown phrases. What the speaker did he did thoroughly. He set himself to offer his hearers a complete travesty of the history of England during the last forty years, and he never once wandered into soberness or accuracy of statement. Mr. DISRAELI is thoroughly alive to the great fact that if recent events are skilfully and boldly misrepresented, and if the misrepresentation is adapted to flatter the tastes and prejudices of a sympathizing audience, there is not the slightest reason why a practised orator should hesitate to say anything he pleases. Mr. DISRAELI had invented for Monday night a totally new theory for the glorification of his own party and the disparagement of his adversaries. It had struck him as a wild and beautiful conception that the Liberals might be portrayed as the non-national, the Cosmopolitan, or, as with a variation he termed it, the Continental party, while the Conservatives might be invested with a new halo of brightness as the national, the insular, the truly English party. Around this theory a coating of fanciful facts and a web of sparkling rhetoric were laid. It was a speech to listen to and to believe in, not to criticize or refute. Mr. DISRAELI did not condescend to give any instances in which the Cosmopolitanism of the Liberal party had been distinctly marked. On the contrary, if his hearers had analysed his statements, they would have learned that after forty years of power and success the Cosmopolitanism of Liberals has never been known to display itself except in a tiny Republican movement which utterly failed, and in the existence of a few hundred London Jacobins who are totally powerless. If this is the only result of the fixed bias of the majority of Englishmen operating during nearly half a century under the most favourable circumstances, Englishmen must be a singularly helpless and unpractical set of people. Still Mr. DISRAELI chose to say that there is something strikingly Cosmopolitan or Continental in English Liberals, and his speech may therefore suggest a moment's consideration as to whether there is any truth in what he said or not. Whether it would be any reproach to an English party that it is Cosmopolitan or Continental it is impossible to say. Details would be everything. In some respects it might be a great merit, and in others a great demerit, to have so wide an area of sympathies. But if we ask ourselves what are the great Liberal measures of the period over which Mr. DISRAELI's fancy played, it so happens that they have been singularly little Cosmopolitan or Continental. The abolition of slavery and the slave trade, the abolition of Protection, and the reform of the Law have been the fields in which the labours of Liberals have been most successful and most persistent since the Reform Bill which brought them first into power. So far from borrowing the ideas of other nations on any of these heads, England has been labouring ever since, and often with very partial success, to induce the Continent to put down slavery and to adopt Free Trade. English Liberals have been the teachers, not the pupils, of the outer world in these spheres of labour; while in the department of Law Reform, so long and so pertinaciously resisted by the Conservatives, the most that can be said is that English law has in late years lost enough of the impress of a grotesque and effete barbarism to attain a character which has great virtues and great faults, but which still remains eminently national.

The Conservative party whose achievements were lauded and whose principles were proclaimed by Mr. DISRAELI exists simply in his fertile brain. He announced that he had nothing whatever to say for the Tory party before the first Reform Bill. They were a set of silly old-fashioned creatures, clinging to antiquated notions and unfitted for practical life. He was equally averse to the name and memory of Sir ROBERT PEEL. But there has been, he hinted, a secret Conservative party which has been all along working wonders. Among the other great feats of this party was the passing of the Factory Act of Lord SHAFTESBURY. As history is written in prose, the facts are that this Act was introduced while a Conservative Government was in office, and was violently and successfully resisted by it. It was afterwards carried while a Liberal Government was in office, and was strongly supported by Lord RUSSELL and Sir GEORGE GREY, who, together with Lord PALMERSTON, had spoken or voted for it when the Conservative Government crushed it for a time out of existence. As history is written or spoken in poetry, this Act was the gift of the secret Conservatives to those ungrateful working-men who are just beginning to know their true friends. In another respect, however,

the action of secret Conservatives has not been so successful. It appears that it is a special feature of the Conservative policy to bind the colonies to the mother-country. The proper way to do this, according to Mr. DISRAELI, is for the mother-country to fix the colonial tariffs, control the grants of colonial lands, bargain to keep in the colonies a certain number of troops, and to have a Council of colonists resident in London. It is by their clear perception of the value of these ideas that the Conservatives have won one of their chief titles to be called the National party, the party that maintains the Empire as a whole, and keeps alive the glory of Britain. Certainly the secret of the Conservatives as to their colonial policy has been admirably preserved. No one in the last few years has ever heard of their Imperial views as to tariffs or waste lands or troops, and few persons even in the colonies will believe that when they come next into power they will summon a Council of colonists to reside in London. But the National party, in its quiet way, has its eye on friends nearer home, and in its own good time is going to reveal itself as the special protector of the poor. It has not come forward in any hurried and premature manner to assume this character. In fact, for years it devoted all its energies, and Mr. DISRAELI owed his fortune, to trying to make the bread of the poor as dear as farmers could wish it to be. But it was biding its time. It was waiting till sewage became the question of the day, and now that the hour has struck, it claims the question of sewage as its own. Mr. DISRAELI of course did not say what it would do with regard to sewage that Liberals are not likely to do. He left it to be inferred that a Cosmopolitan and Continental party was not the party to make English homes sweet and English air pure. It will take a really National party to do this, and it will be from Sir CHARLES ADDERLEY, when he returns to office, that Birmingham will learn what on earth it is to do with its refuse. Every one will allow that that will be a secret of secret Conservatism well worth knowing.

Descending from these lofty flights of romance, Mr. DISRAELI got himself and his hearers to earth again by asserting that the Liberal party is now regarded by the country with mistrust and repugnance. That the Government has been and still is unpopular, and that it has wearied the general patience by its many blunders, is true enough; nor does any one doubt that the Conservatives would gain largely if there were a dissolution. But that the Liberal party is viewed by the country with mistrust and repugnance is a great exaggeration. There is not a piece of Liberal legislation passed in the last twenty years that the Conservatives would have the most distant prospect of being able to repeal if they were in power. There is not a single measure on which both Liberals and Conservatives have any open, distinctly marked, conflicting opinions, on which the country has pronounced, or is likely to pronounce, in favour of the Conservatives. It is not even at all certain how large the Conservative gain would be if an election were held at once. The Liberals, contrary to general expectation, have managed to retain possession of the contested seat for Bedfordshire, and the reality of the conviction of the Conservative leaders as to the changed opinion of the country will soon be tested when the Lords have decided whether they will adhere to or abandon those of their amendments to the Ballot Bill to which Mr. GLADSTONE has announced that he cannot agree. When once the Ballot Bill is carried, there is every probability of a period of comparative quiet, and questions of a mild order which either party would deal with in substantially the same way will occupy general attention. The only question to be decided is which party shall be allowed the privilege and amusement of dealing with them. What the Conservatives have in their favour is that the existing Government has made many enemies and committed many errors. At a time when most men would allow that it does not really make any great difference which party is in office in an era of sewage Bills and anti-adulteration Bills, it is a great advantage to a party that it has lately given no offence, and has had no recent opportunity of making patent mistakes. The present Government has carried, or has tried to carry, a series of measures, each of which has raised up against it a little knot of enemies, who will like to have their revenge when the next election comes. Clergymen, landowners, wild Irishmen, soldiers, sailors, publicans, mine-owners, Nonconformist teachers have all their special scores against the Cabinet which they would like to wipe off in their own way. Then a mess has been made in almost every department of public affairs. A year ago the Foreign Office would have remained as an exception, but now it may be said that there has been blundering all round. Those who like a mild change may say to

themselves that it is time another set of performers should try their hands. Directly the Conservatives were in office, they too would begin to give offence, and, unless they are very much changed, it may be safely added that they would begin to blunder. Then in their turn they would be viewed with mistrust and repugnance. But what seems as near the truth as anything else is that the country does not know—and, if asked at an election, would not be able quite to make up its mind—whether it wishes the present Ministry to give place to the Ministry of Mr. DISRAELI. It would have no great mistrust or repugnance, and no great preference, for one set of politicians or the other. Either would do, and neither would do very well; and the consequence might be that neither party would have strength enough to hold office with credit, or even to carry good Sewage Bills in a satisfactory manner. In spite of the revelation of their true character as the National, not the Cosmopolitan party, it is extremely doubtful whether the friends of Mr. DISRAELI have any chance of securing him such a majority as will enable him to show what he really can do for unhealthy England.

#### FRENCH FINANCE.

THE arrangements between the German and French Governments for the evacuation of French territory by the Germans under new conditions are said to be concluded. No official statement has yet been made from which the precise nature of these arrangements could be gathered. But the general result is known. M. THIERS is to hurry forward the payment of the three milliards still payable, and the evacuation is to be effected bit by bit, as the money is paid over. A very large loan must therefore be effected at once, and it is stated that a sufficient amount will shortly be issued for subscription to produce two milliards in cash, while the remaining milliard will be provided partly by the aid of private firms, and partly by the Bank of France, and from the proceeds of Treasury bonds. The instalments on eighty millions sterling cannot possibly be called up very rapidly, as the bulk of the subscribers will be Frenchmen of a humble class, and the last payment to the Germans may not improbably be made at a date nearly the same as that fixed by the Treaty for the payment of the whole three milliards. Some portion of French soil, and especially the stronghold of Belfort, will, therefore, it may be expected, remain in German hands for perhaps another eighteen months. But it will be an enormous gain to the country that each successive payment will rapidly diminish the area occupied by the foreigner. There can be no doubt that the money will be forthcoming, although the terms on which the loan can be effected still remain uncertain. The national creditor, whether he is a Frenchman or a foreigner, must inquire not only whether the nation wishes that his interest should be paid, but what is the machinery provided for paying it. In other words, the annual taxes must be enough to meet the demands of the creditor; and although it is certain that enough taxes will be levied for the purpose, a fierce controversy is going on as to the particular taxes which shall be selected to make up the deficiency of eight millions sterling which the Government wishes to see covered before it issues the loan. It is not possible to scrutinize the statement that this is the amount by which the revenue is short, just as it is not possible at present to calculate the total cost of the war to France. The Government says that so large a sum as eight millions of additional taxation is not absolutely necessary, but it thinks it not prudent to ask for less. One reason given for taking a good margin is that some of the taxes recently imposed are not yielding so much as was anticipated. Of course the Government says that this is only due to the temporary derangement of trade, caused by purchasers abstaining from the consumption of articles the price of which they find enhanced. Soon habit will make them buy what they have been accustomed to have, and then the anticipations of the collectors of the revenue will be fulfilled. This may be so or not, but at any rate M. THIERS is quite right in saying that in order to silence all contention and make the subscribers to the loan feel perfectly secure it is necessary to show an annual revenue about the sufficiency of which there is no question. During all the warm financial debates of this week the position thus occupied by the Government has not been contested, and it has been assumed that a sum amounting as nearly as possible to eight millions sterling shall be raised by additional taxation. Sometimes the thought that this is precisely the amount which the Government is going to repay to the Bank of France within the year seemed to force

itself on the mind of a speaker, and he was almost ready to suggest the idle remark that, if the Bank were not repaid, the new taxes would not be wanted. But all that it has read or heard about finance for the last twelve months has at last impressed the Assembly with the conviction that the repayment of the Bank advances is one of the conditions that make a loan possible on favourable terms. If the credit of the Bank had not remained intact during all these times of trouble, the paper currency would have been greatly depreciated, and the difficulties of borrowing immensely increased; and it is because the nation is pledged to repay the advances made by the Bank that it has stood the shock and kept its credit unimpeached.

On the 19th of January last the Assembly passed a vote which bitterly affronted M. THIERS, and the upshot of which was that the Assembly was to endeavour through special Committees to devise new taxes which should replace the taxes on raw materials proposed by the Government. The Committee naturally found this a most difficult task, but they arrived at the conclusion that three new taxes might be adopted—a tax on securities other than Rentes, a tax on mortgages, and a tax on business transactions. When, however, the arrangements with the Germans were on the eve of being completed, M. THIERS thought that he might strike a bold stroke and have his own way; the Assembly would be driven into a corner, and might be made to choose between adopting the hated tax on raw materials and incurring the odium of upsetting a scheme for liberating the national territory. On Monday, accordingly, the Government brought forward its own proposals, in opposition to those recommended by the Committees of the Assembly. The basis of the scheme was the old tax on raw materials, but M. DE GOULARD, the Minister of Finance, was obliged to own that nothing like the required sum could be got out of taxing raw materials at present, as France is still hampered by numerous treaties of commerce. If he could get in the full proceeds of the taxes he proposed to levy, they would yield about five millions sterling. But at present they will yield under two millions, and even when the treaties with England and Belgium have ceased to operate, they will bring in less than two millions and a half. Over the deficiency which must, even according to the calculation of the Government, continue to exist while the treaties of commerce are in force, M. DE GOULARD threw the veil of a discreet silence. The remaining four millions are to be derived from an augmentation of the direct taxes, and of the salt-duty, and also from a rigorous suppression of frauds on the revenue in the manufacture of alcohol, which now deprive the State of nearly a million a year. M. THIERS, who knew that the augmentation of the direct taxes would be exceedingly unpopular, was most earnest in explaining that the burden was only a temporary one, but he did not explain why it should be so. The proceeds from the tax on raw materials must fall for years much short of the four millions at which they are estimated; and although, if the country remains peaceful and prosperous, the receipts from the taxes generally will increase, and some of the taxes now levied can be renitted or lessened, there does not appear to be any reason why the payers of direct taxes and the consumers of salt should have the exclusive benefit of the improved state of affairs. Either it is fair to put a heavier burden on those who pay direct taxes or it is not. M. DE GOULARD said that it is quite fair, for he only asked for fifteen additional centimes, while in times not very long gone by, and while France was still untouched by any great calamity, the payers of these direct taxes had been gratified by seventeen centimes being taken off what they had to pay; and he asked his hearers to reflect whether, when the Assembly met at Bordeaux, every payer of direct taxes would not have thought himself very lucky if he could have been sure that the war would have done nothing worse to him than bring back fifteen of the seventeen centimes from which he had been relieved. The tax on salt was also justified on the ground that the consumption had not been found to increase in proportion as the duty had been lessened; and hence M. DE GOULARD inferred that the consumers would take a certain quantity and no more, whether the duty was raised or not. If a million sterling can really be saved by repressing frauds on the revenue in the manufacture of alcohol, no one can say that it ought not to be saved. The proposal, therefore, of the Government was not to find anything like the whole money required by the taxation of raw materials. It proposed to find half what is wanted by totally distinct means, which it justified on their own merits. As to the other half, it proposed to find less than a moiety for the present, and rather more

than a moiety for next year, from taxes on raw materials, and to leave the balance unprovided for.

Nothing but strong political pressure could make the Assembly agree to such a proposal. Financially it has nothing to recommend it. It is not as if the Government could say that there was one class of taxes which would, without having recourse to any other, furnish all that is wanted. Free-traders might then at least have the satisfaction of giving up their theories to obtain a great immediate good. But the taxes on raw materials are only advocated as a stop-gap, and as a very bad stop-gap. It is owned that the revenue officials were instructed to report as to the amount that could be got at once from those taxes, and they reported that the utmost that could be obtained from this source was forty-two millions of francs. The adversaries of the tax on raw materials broadly assert that the State would get little or nothing from them, owing to frauds and drawbacks. But the Government has naturally taken care to get the most favourable report it could, and the report it has obtained only ventures to anticipate forty millions of francs. All beyond that is merely conjectural, and it is in order, not to fill up the whole deficit of the Budget, not to secure the freedom of France by one bold stroke, that Protection in one of its worst forms is to be introduced, but merely to get forty millions out of two hundred millions of francs which the Government alleges to be necessary. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at that almost every speaker with any pretension to financial eminence protested that such a sum might be got in some much better and simpler way. M. CASIMIR-PERIER warmly supported the tax on securities, but no vote was taken on that point. On Thursday, however, a vote was taken on the proposal of the Budget Committee to impose a tax of two per cent. on mortgage revenue, and the Government was defeated by a majority of 324 against 302. M. THIERS was instantly up in arms. He commented on the smallness of the majority, and asked to be allowed to have the question re-argued, conceding, however, that if after hearing his views the Assembly did not record its vote by a decisive majority, he would offer no further opposition to the Bill. The voting in the Assembly seems just at this moment so little else than a struggle between the Right and Left for power, that no one can be sure for an instant how far mere financial considerations may guide the Assembly in its ultimate decision. M. THIERS just now leans on the Left, and treats the Right with defiance. Accordingly the Left, which is almost to a man composed of the adversaries of taxes on raw materials, is ready to support him in opposing every other tax until the taxes on raw materials are arrived at by a process of exhaustion; while it is in vain that M. THIERS reminds the Right that taxes like that on mortgages will chiefly press on the rural population, whose interests they are specially called on to represent. The financial proposals of the Government must therefore be looked at apart from the votes of the Assembly, and may be sanctioned for a totally distinct reason than any based on their merits; and if they are regarded simply as financial proposals, it is difficult to see how the scheme of taxing raw materials could have been put in a worse light, or have been brought forward with less to recommend it.

#### THE MINES REGULATION BILL.

A MEASURE which has hung fire so long as the Mines Regulation Bill gains a new kind of importance by getting into Committee. A second reading is no longer the critical ordeal that it once was; indeed it is hardly even an earnest that a Bill is likely to become law. It is only when the House applies itself steadily to the details of the proposed legislation that it seems worth while to take much interest in it. Now that this stage has been reached there is every reason why the progress of the Bill should be carefully watched. The subject is one of great importance, and the treatment which it has received and is likely to receive from the House of Commons is not such as can safely be allowed to pass uncriticized. The Bill as it left the hands of the Select Committee was in all essential respects a good Bill. The clauses relating to education had been altered for the worse by the substitution of twelve for thirteen as the age below which boys shall not be employed underground, unless under certain prescribed restrictions; but with this exception the Bill was a fair embodiment of the securities which the miners and those interested in their welfare have for years been insisting on. It regulates the employment of women and children; it abolishes the truck

system; it creates a machinery for securing the competency of managers; it lays down certain general rules for the prevention of accidents; and it charges a staff of inspectors with the duty of seeing that all these provisions are carried out. The two most important clauses in the Bill perhaps are those which provide that every manager shall hold a certificate, and that an adequate amount of ventilation shall be produced in every mine in order to dilute the noxious gases. It is the omission of these two safeguards that has done more than anything else to make coal mining so fatal to human life. The absence of adequate ventilation is, in one form or another, the great cause of accidents; and the want of competent managers is one of the principal reasons why ventilation has hitherto been so imperfect. It is not left, however, to the manager alone to see that proper precautions are taken against danger. The general rules laid down in the Bill provide that mines shall be inspected by competent persons once in the twenty-four hours, or, under certain circumstances, in twelve hours. The results of this inspection are to be recorded in a book, and they may be checked by those of another inspection which may be carried on on behalf of the workmen at least once a month. The managers, who are responsible for the observance of these rules, were originally to be examined under the direction of a Secretary of State, and no certificate of competency was to be granted unless their examination had been satisfactory, and they had in addition given evidence of sobriety, experience, ability, and general good conduct. These clauses have, however, been omitted with a view to alterations in the composition of the Examining Board. A certificate of service will be given to all existing managers, and to all persons who have so acted for a period of twelve months within five years before the passing of the Act. This certificate of service will have the same value as a certificate of competency. The Secretary of State is empowered to institute a public inquiry into any charges of negligence or incompetency which may be brought against a manager, and in the event of the charges being proved, his certificate may be suspended or cancelled. A violation of any of the provisions of the Act, including the general rules contained in it, or of any of the special rules which may be made under it for particular mines, will entail a penalty of 20*l.*, and an additional penalty of 1*l.* for every day that such violation is continued after the Inspector has given the offender written notice. If an Inspector observes any cause of danger not provided for by the rules in force in a mine, he is to give notice to the owner or manager and require it to be remedied. If the owner or manager objects to remedy it, and forwards his objection to the Secretary of State, the matter is to be determined by arbitration. Otherwise, or if the award goes against the owner, the omission to comply with the Inspector's requisition will constitute an offence against the Act. A clause to which the miners themselves attach great weight orders that all wages shall be paid in money and at an office not being or belonging to a public-house, and if the amount of wages depends on the amount of mineral gotten, this amount is to be determined by weight.

The House of Commons began its consideration of the Bill at a morning sitting yesterday week. The opening clauses deal with the rules for the employment of women and children. Women are forbidden to work underground; and an attempt was made to get this prohibition extended to work at the bank-top. As a general principle, the employment of women in such work as even the open-air labour about a colliery usually must be is greatly to be deprecated. But when legislative prohibition is proposed, another consideration comes into play. This work, rude and unfeminine as it doubtless is, does at least keep many women from starving. We are not speaking of married women, because it may be argued that the withdrawal of wives from the labour market would lead to a proportionate increase in the wages of husbands. If the wages that are now earned by the man and the woman jointly could in future be earned by the man alone, the gain to the miner would be immense. His income would remain the same, and he would practically secure the services of a housekeeper into the bargain. But the case of unmarried women is certainly different. They can support themselves by sifting coal at the pit's mouth, and other similar occupations, and if this means of earning a livelihood is denied them, they may find great difficulty in making one in any more feminine pursuit. There are some kinds of labour which so degrade and demoralize women that the Legislature is justified in forbidding them from having recourse to them. Underground work in coal mines comes under this category, and, so far as we know, the most ardent preschers of the absolute equality of the

sexes do not object to the clause in the Bill which absolutely closes this form of industry to their clients. But it does not appear that labour at the bank-top is necessarily of this description, or that it may not be so conducted as to be compatible, if not with refinement, at least with physical and moral decency. Under these circumstances it would be hard to close against unmarried women the only kind of work perhaps for which there is any demand in the neighbourhood, or which can supply them the means of subsistence.

The discussion as to the age below which boys are not to be allowed to work full time threw an unexpected light on the unreality of much that has been said by the professed friends of education. The usual argument against the compulsory retention of children at school until there has been time to give them a good elementary education is based on the unwillingness of parents to sacrifice the value of their children's earnings. In the present case there is no difficulty whatever as regards this point. The restriction of children's labour has been one of the things on which the miners themselves insist most strongly. Instead of showing themselves anxious to make their children work too early, they have asked Parliament again and again to postpone the time at which it shall be lawful to give them work. It might have been expected, therefore, that the House of Commons would have offered no opposition to a Bill fixing thirteen as the age below which it is to be unlawful to work boys full time. Instead of this, the Select Committee carried twelve as the limit instead of thirteen, and the Government felt it to be useless to support an amendment restoring the clause to its original form. The real motive of much of the opposition to compulsory education was thus disclosed. The alleged unwillingness to deprive parents of their children's earnings appeared in its true colours as unwillingness to deprive employers of the opportunity of buying labour cheap. To a similar desire to make the measure as innocuous as possible to economically disposed mine-owners must be attributed the amendment making it necessary, in order to bring a violation of the provisions concerning children home to the employers, that it shall have been committed "knowingly." That an employer shall "knowingly" employ a child under ten under ground, or a child under twelve for full time instead of half time, is next door to impossible. His purpose will be perfectly answered by employing children about whose age he knows nothing. Mr. BRUCE proposed on Thursday that instead of the liability of owners being limited to acts done "knowingly," it should be limited by a provision that owners and managers shall alike be held harmless, if they can show that they have used due diligence to prevent any violation of the law. To this compromise there seems no objection. It is one thing to require the authorities to prove that the owner knew that a child was under twelve, and another thing to allow an owner to prove that he made all the usual inquiries on the subject and received satisfactory answers. On Thursday the feeling of the mine-owning interest in the House of Commons seemed to be against this mode of settling the difficulty. The Government ought to be able to carry such a proposal in face of any amount of interested opposition.

#### SPAIN.

THE events of the next few months will probably determine the fate of the new Spanish dynasty. The seventh Administration within a year and a half now proposes to try the experiment whether Parliamentary government is possible in Spain. In the recent crisis the KING for the first time placed himself in direct opposition to the majority in both Houses, as well as to SERRANO and TOPETE, who with all their faults are probably the most honourable and loyal of contemporary Spanish politicians. Remembering perhaps CAVOUR's famous saying that anybody can govern with a state of siege, the KING positively refused to suspend the guarantees of personal liberty which are provided by the Constitution of 1870. When the Constituent Cortes, in the enthusiasm which followed the fall of Queen ISABELLA, were adding one more project to the long list of Spanish democratic Constitutions, it was sufficiently evident that paper prohibitions would never prevent the application of martial law in case of conspiracy or insurrection. It is probable that when SERRANO proposed the suspension of constitutional restraints he may have had strong reasons for apprehending danger. His premature amnesty has been followed by a revival of the Carlist movement in the North; and the necessity of drawing for reinforcements on his scanty reserves involved a difficulty in providing for the safety of the great towns.

It is said that the Republicans threatened to take advantage of the opportunity by rising in rebellion, and the Ministers easily convinced their friends in the Senate and the Congress of the expediency of entrusting them with extraordinary powers. It would seem that SAGASTA has, by his unscrupulous interference with the elections, deprived the Cortes of political and moral weight. SERRANO was supported by an overwhelming majority, and the leader of the Opposition had professedly seceded for the time from public life; yet the KING refused to confirm the decision of the Cortes, and for the first time he has called to his councils the leaders of the Radical party. It remains to be seen whether ZORRILLA or CORDOVA will be more successful than their Conservative opponents. The first step to be taken will necessarily be a dissolution, and the management of the elections will be in the hands of the new Ministers. Without the aid of the Republicans it is doubtful whether they will be able to secure a majority, and there must be danger in an alliance with a party which is avowedly hostile both to the dynasty and to the existing form of government.

The Republican orators, relying on the unpopularity which attaches to a foreigner, are never tired of reminding King AMADEO of the fate of the unfortunate MAXIMILIAN. It might be well that they should reflect whether the subsequent history of Mexico has illustrated the advantage of overthrowing even the unstable fabric of an alien Empire. Spain might perhaps under a Republic prove less anarchical than Mexico; but the overthrow of the monarchy would almost certainly be followed by civil war. The army has for three or four years abstained from direct interference in political struggles; but the strife of factions is not unlikely to prepare the way for military supremacy. The KING will either find his position untenable, or he will gradually learn to suppress his constitutional scruples. If he can rely on the chiefs of the army, he may perhaps think it useless and hopeless to depend in turn on rival politicians of the type of ZORRILLA and SAGASTA. It is not certain that his fall would be followed by the establishment of a Republic. The Carlists, indeed, are not likely to find partisans beyond the limits of two or three provinces, but the coalition of the adherents of the Duke of MONTPENSIER and Prince ALFONSO may perhaps secure the favour of the army. The fusion which has so often been vainly attempted in France has already been accomplished between the Spanish Pretenders. The Duke of MONTPENSIER, who has joined his family in Paris, has published a letter in which he recommends his nephew to his friends as the most eligible candidate for the Crown. The rest of the document consists in the vague generalities in which exiled princes are accustomed to express their unselfish patriotism, and their sorrow for the misfortunes of an ungrateful country. The Duke had hoped to contribute to the regeneration of Spain by taking his seat in the Cortes, until he found that his presence, instead of allaying political passions, might tend to excite them. He now contributes his share to the pacification of Spain by intimating his opinion that the reigning sovereign ought to be dethroned; and it may be presumed that the Duke of MONTPENSIER would be not unwilling to succeed to his authority as Regent in the name of Don ALFONSO. The occasion of his letter is probably the dismissal of SERRANO and TOPETE, who have always inclined to the cause of a BOURBON dynasty. There is, however, no reason to believe that the ex-Ministers have disclaimed their allegiance to the present KING. The general confusion of parties almost furnishes an excuse for the otherwise hopeless enterprise of the Carlists. To sanguine reactionists it may seem possible that, in its despair of permanent tranquillity, the country should at last take refuge in a stagnant absolutism. The present designs of the insurgents are unknown, except that they apparently hope to wear out the troops by isolated risings in various districts. It is remarkable that for many weeks nothing had been heard of Don CARLOS or of his brother before a recent rumour that the Pretender was holding a council of war to consider the expediency of his return to Spain. Princes who succeed in revolutions are not in the habit of consulting their advisers on the question of their personal share in the vindication of their rights. In the absence of the Princes it appears that there is no recognized chief of the insurrection. The leaders of the bands will derive encouragement from the resignation of his command by General ECHAQUE, who was the principal lieutenant of SERRANO. It seems that seven or eight general officers have simultaneously retired from active service, for the purpose of expressing their disapproval of the change of Government, and their distrust of ZORRILLA. No equally serious exhibition of

political feeling has occurred in the army since PRIM issued his celebrated order against the intervention of military officers in domestic contests. From a protest against the choice of a Minister the step to open mutiny may be easily taken; but there is reason to hope that SERRANO and TOPETE will discountenance any attempt to convert their retirement from office into a military grievance. If the most popular generals were to appeal to the army against the KING and his policy, it is not improbable that they might be followed by a large section of officers and soldiers. General CORDOVA, the new Minister of War, appears not to be distinguished by ability or experience, though his brother acquired some reputation in a former Carlist insurrection.

The difficulties of the Government are increased not only by the Carlist insurrection, but by the constant demand for troops to repress the rebellion in Cuba. More than half the army, under one of the ablest generals in Spain, has for a long time been stationed in the colony, where its services are required not only to hold the rebels in check, but to maintain the authority of the Government over the local Volunteers. It is for this reason that few troops can be spared for service in Biscay and Catalonia, and that conscious weakness induced SERRANO to attempt the compromise which has apparently resulted in the revival of the Carlist movement. The Republicans are fully aware of the drain on the resources of the Government, and they probably meditate a rising of their own whenever they may judge that the army is fully occupied elsewhere. There is no reason to believe that, even if they succeeded in obtaining possession of the capital and the great towns, they would be able to maintain themselves permanently in power. The country decided two or three years ago by overwhelming majorities to maintain the Monarchy, not so much because the institution is popular in Spain, as on account of the dislike and fear with which a Republic is regarded by the respectable classes. Whatever may be the intentions of CASTELAR and of other Republican leaders, the mass of the party consists of Socialists, of Jacobins, and of members of the International Society. The owners of property deprecate a form of government in which theories of spoliation might perhaps be adopted in practice. It is impossible for foreigners to estimate with even approximate accuracy the comparative numbers and strength of the five or six factions which are incessantly contending for power. Each party by itself is in a minority, and none of them are content to acquiesce peaceably in defeat. A dispassionate and patriotic Spaniard would probably think that, in a choice of difficulties, the public interest would be best promoted by the maintenance of almost any Government which happens to exist. There may be little moral difference between the chiefs of the two principal parties in the Cortes; but ZORRILLA, now that he has attained office, will desire order and tranquillity, while SAGASTA would perhaps welcome any public misfortune which restored him to power. There is still better reason for wishing that the KING may be able to defeat the schemes of the various Pretenders. In the prime of life, brave, honest, and able, he is infinitely preferable to Don CARLOS or Don ALFONSO, and he is scarcely more of an alien than the Duke of MONTPENSIER. Even if King AMADEO is ultimately compelled to trust to the loyalty of the army, he will in the first instance have shown a stronger attachment than any politician in Spain to the principles and to the restraints of constitutional government. If he retains his position for a few years, his merits will perhaps be appreciated, and his foreign origin will be partially forgotten. The enemies who taunt him with the fate of MAXIMILIAN forget that he was not an intruder landing with an invading army, but the chosen candidate of the Cortes, who had received from their constituents full powers to select an occupant for the vacant throne.

#### PARTIES IN THE VERSAILLES ASSEMBLY.

THE visit of the deputies of the Right to M. THIERS has conclusively established that the majority for disregarding which the PRESIDENT has been so much taken to task has no existence in fact. That the number of deputies who prefer a Monarchy to a Republic may be greater than the number of those who prefer a Republic to a Monarchy is quite possible; but it must be remembered that the deputations which attacked M. THIERS has carefully dissociated itself from purely monarchical intentions. The majority which the deputies composing it claimed to represent is a Conservative majority—a majority anxious above all things to put down Radicalism, and shocked above all things at M. THIERS's disposition to coquet with it. This is the substance of the Duke

of BROGLIE's letter. The deputies of the Right had no wish, he says, to obtain from M. THIERS any declaration of adhesion to their monarchical views. All they asked was that he should make no declaration of adhesion to any other views; that he should adjourn the controversy as to forms of government in order to unite all the Conservative elements in the country under the common banner of resistance to revolution. The majority, the Duke maintains, is not divided upon questions of social order. He might have added, however, that it is divided upon almost every question of practical politics, and that, where Parliamentary tactics are concerned, this sort of division is as mischievous as any other. No one suspects any member of the majority of being unsound on the rights of property, or of cherishing a secret passion for street fighting. But men must be agreed upon something more than this if they are to work together for any common end, and it is this further agreement that does not seem to be forthcoming. For example, there is no form of French Conservatism which more deserves respect than that represented by the *Journal des Débats*. The one object of this newspaper ever since the formation of the present Government has been to drill the majority into something like concerted action. Yet what has the *Journal des Débats* to say of the interview between the Right and M. THIERS? Speaking by the mouth of M. JOHN LEMOINNE, it ironically congratulates the Conservatives on the pains they take to set up the Republic and to give M. THIERS every possible opportunity of assuming and affirming its existence. Until now, says M. LEMOINNE, the PRESIDENT has told every deputation that has come to him that he intends to stand by the Bordeaux Compact, to maintain neutrality between parties, and to consecrate all his efforts to the re-organization of the country. Now his language has changed, and he has frankly avowed his determination to labour for the consolidation of the Republic. The Conservatives have forced him to make a declaration of principles, and if, now that they have got it, they do not find it exactly to their mind, they have only themselves to thank. When they complain that M. THIERS does not take his Ministers from the ranks of the majority, and his policy from their ideas, they forget that the majority of which so much is said is nothing better than a coalition of parties which can only hang together on condition of putting their standards in their pockets, and hiding their opinions under a bushel. They are a majority when they have M. THIERS on their side; they become a minority as soon as he turns against them. When the Right assumes that it constitutes the Conservative majority, it forgets that agreement upon the abstract merits of a Monarchy would immediately be followed by disagreement upon the personal and visible merits of a King and a flag. There is far more real accord between the moderate sections of the Right and the Left than there is between the extreme and the moderate sections of the Right.

This plain speaking on the part of the ablest and most influential organ of French Conservatism has produced quite a ministerial crisis in the staff. M. ST. MARC GIRARDIN has written a letter announcing the cessation of his connexion with the paper, and two other of its principal writers have separated from it on the same grounds. So far, therefore, the step which was to exhibit to admiring France the spectacle of a united majority exercising a firm though gentle pressure on M. THIERS can hardly be said to have answered. The coalition which was meant to overawe the PRESIDENT has proved to be destitute of the power of coalescing either with itself or with any one else. In the midst of this confusion a deputy of the Left Centre has come forward to explain his views by way of an answer to M. D'HAUSSONVILLE. M. LABOULAYE is as Conservative, in the sense in which the Right profess to use the word, as the most pronounced Legitimist could be. He holds the same views upon questions of social order, and consequently, on the Duke of BROGLIE's showing, he has every title to call himself a member of the majority. M. LABOULAYE insists that M. THIERS could not confine himself within the limits which the Right have traced out for him even if he were personally inclined to do so. He has been elected President, not for his own sake, but because he represents certain ideas, certain desires, certain interests. When M. THIERS was chosen Chief of the Executive Power the nation did not mean to name a constitutional sovereign; it meant to elect the citizen who was marked out by long experience and past services as the best man to conclude peace, to re-establish government, to reconstruct the army, and to obtain the liberation of French territory. A President appointed to achieve these ends has no right to betake himself to the serene indolence of a Constitutional Olympus. The country which needs to be governed, and has fixed upon M. THIERS as its governor,

would reproach him more bitterly for doing nothing than for doing too much. M. THIERS is the first and the only Minister of the Assembly and of the nation, and as such he has the right to make the acceptance of his policy the condition of his remaining in office. M. LABOULAYE holds that the Left Centre acted wisely in refusing to associate itself with the Right even for so plausible a purpose as the construction of a Conservative majority. He avows that he is by no means sure that the majority of the Chamber represents the majority of the nation. The Republic, he thinks, has now the support of that vast body of citizens who, having no strong political feelings, and only asking to be allowed to work in quiet, attach themselves as a matter of course to the existing Government, provided that it can guarantee them security at home and abroad. A Cabinet representing the majority of the nation would consequently be a Republican Cabinet. But a Cabinet chosen from the majority in the Assembly would be essentially a Monarchical Cabinet. As such it would have no title to the confidence of a country which shuns above all things the prospect of a new civil war. M. LABOULAYE does not pretend, either for himself or for his party, any very keen enthusiasm in favour of a Republic. But he denies that patriotic Frenchmen have any choice in the matter. A Legitimist, an Orleanist, a Bonapartist restoration are alike impossible. The time has gone by in which France could safely be kept in suspense between various forms of government. The only hope she has of peace and order is the foundation of a Conservative and Constitutional Republic.

It remains to be seen what influence the action of the Right and the more open avowals of political opinion which it has called forth will have upon M. THIERS. Certainly the Bordeaux Compact has not escaped uninjured from the turmoil. Instead of an Assembly in which all parties except the two extreme fractions on either side were bent upon postponing constitutional questions to a more convenient season, there is now an Assembly in which the Left Centre and the Moderate Left are bent upon establishing the Republic, and fully conscious that there is a power out of doors which, if appealed to, can be trusted to aid them in the enterprise. Every fresh election gives this party increased influence in the Chamber, both by adding to its voting strength, and by storing up additional evidence that it represents the opinion of the country more accurately than any of its rivals. Hitherto it is the monarchical party that has steadily insisted on the right of the present Assembly to frame a Constitution; but the force of this claim has been impaired by the passionate refusal of those who urge it to submit to the test of a general election. The Republican party is not hampered by any such inconsistency. It can assert the constituent character of the present Assembly, because, if the fact is disputed, it is willing to go to the constituencies by way of qualifying itself for its new work. It will be a curious instance of the unexpected effects which sometimes spring from trifling causes if the ill-judged effort of the Right to assert its power over M. THIERS should lead to the deliberate adoption of a Republican form of government.

#### LAW OFFICERS.

THE total defeat of Mr. FAWCETT's motion for the abolition of the Treasury Warrant on the remuneration of the Law Officers will perhaps satisfy him that his project of establishing a Ministry of Justice is for the present impracticable. Mr. LOWE's sarcasms and Mr. GLADSTONE's just and unexpected eulogy of the quality of humour were more acceptable to the House than Mr. FAWCETT's theories or Mr. HARCOURT's lamentations over the clouded prospects of law reform. Frequent experience has shown that in controversies which affect professional interests laymen are no match for lawyers; but on this occasion the lawyers themselves were divided or neutral, while Mr. FAWCETT was answered by Mr. LOWE, who has long since left the profession, and by Mr. GLADSTONE, who never belonged to it. It can scarcely be said that either Minister took the trouble to discuss the principles which may have been involved in the motion. Mr. LOWE sneered at the assumption that an able man could not dispose of any requisite amount of business; and it is perfectly true that professional or official training cultivates in a high degree the faculty of doing in the smallest time whatever can be done at all. Mr. GLADSTONE, who has been in office during a great part of his life, declared that the demands of the Government on the attention of its legal advisers were habitually irrespective of the exigencies of private practice. Prudent debaters often deliberately prefer the most superficial arguments which may

be expected to satisfy the assembly which they address. More recondite reasons open up doubtful issues which may perhaps unnecessarily provoke differences of opinion. The real impediment to the creation of a Ministry of Justice is not that Attorney-Generals are active and able men, but that the English Constitution concentrates all power in the hands of party leaders. In all branches of administration there have been numerous schemes for transferring the control of affairs to the permanent functionaries who are familiar with the details of their respective departments; but even if the functions of Government were nominally redistributed, authority would inevitably gravitate back to its Parliamentary centre. The advocates of Mr. FAWCETT's plan condemn their own proposal in their definition of the attributes which a Minister of Justice is to possess. Learned, dispassionate, indifferent to the struggles of factions, and perhaps not possessing the abilities of a brilliant advocate or debater, the official legislator would be as helplessly isolated among his colleagues as an archbishop in the Judicial Committee of Privy Council. He might probably be the most dignified and efficient member of a Government of clerks, but he would not be in the English sense of the word a Minister, except in title. Chancellors and Law Officers would be tempted to regard him with jealousy or with contemptuous indifference; and he would find himself absolutely dependent on their support. There is nothing to prevent a Lord Chancellor, with all the patronage of the profession at his disposal, from doing all that could be done by a Minister of Justice, except that he holds his office by a precarious tenure, as a principal member of a temporarily dominant party. It is easy to dilate on the anomalous position of a great judge who depends from day to day on a Parliamentary majority; but the disabilities of the Chancellor are inseparable from his dignity and authority as a member of the governing Committee of Parliament. As long as the constituencies think fit through their representatives to exercise supreme power, they must accept the consequence in the subordinate position of all non-political functionaries.

It is not the business of a Minister of high rank to draw Bills, but to prescribe the principles on which they are to be framed for the attainment of certain objects. A competent jurist might devise remedies for many defects in the legal system; but, unless he had a seat in Parliament, he would be shut out from the opportunity of legislation, while as a peer or as a member of the House of Commons he would be simply Chancellor or Attorney-General under a novel designation. Mr. STEPHEN, in his published letter to Mr. FAWCETT, recommends the appointment not of a Minister of Justice, but of a permanent Board, Committee, or Commission, which "should not be in a position of official subordination to the Government for the time being." The Commission would frame measures, which, if they met with the approval of the Government, would be introduced into Parliament by the Chancellor or by the Law Officers of the Crown; and Mr. STEPHEN will perhaps on reconsideration admit that the condition assumes the subordination which had been previously excluded. The mere assent of the Government would not be sufficient, unless its legal members were willing to exert themselves in promoting the measures of the Commission. As in all questions between official politicians and mere administrators, the difficulty arises in the necessity of finding a motive power for any machinery which may be invented. The formal resolutions of the Commissioners, their drafts of Bills, and their published statements of objects and reasons, would in vain be laid on the tables of both Houses, unless the Crown lawyers could be induced to assume the conduct of each measure. "If the Commissioners drew a Bill which the Government refused to introduce, the reasons for that refusal should be assigned, and the Commissioners, on the other hand, should assign their reasons for wishing it to be proceeded with." A glance at the Parliamentary reports at this time of year will suggest the reasons which would too probably be assigned for a refusal to introduce any measure. To an official assertion that the state of public business unfortunately rendered the introduction of a useful Bill impossible, the Commissioners would, whatever might be their own opinion, find it impossible to return an answer. Nevertheless Mr. STEPHEN's plan is the most practical which has yet been suggested. A Commission which was charged with the duty of making its proceedings public would, if it were properly constituted, possess considerable weight and influence. Mr. STEPHEN proposes to substitute for the irresponsible advisers and assistants of the Government a higher rank of draftsmen, who would receive the credit of the measures which they had devised and prepared. An essential part of his scheme is

that every measure of the Commissioners should be referred to a Select Committee, and that its objects and provisions should be fully explained to the Committee by the author of the Bill. The alterations which might be introduced by the Select Committee or by the House would be referred back to the Commissioners for a report, not on the decisions of Parliament, but on the language in which they might be most conveniently carried into effect. As Mr. STEPHEN observes, Chancellors and Attorney-Generals rarely possess the faculty of legislative expression; and they have little leisure for considering clauses and phrases. They are therefore compelled to rely on the aid of persons who are unknown and possibly obscure; and it would be desirable to provide them with a comparatively independent Council. The relations of the Government to the proposed Commission would resemble those which exist between the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the heads of the great revenue departments. Any attempt to make the Legislative Commission more independent than the Boards of Customs and Inland Revenue would probably result in failure. Mr. FAWCETT's Minister of Justice with the salary of three Prime Ministers is a mere chimera, while Mr. STEPHEN's Board, which might perhaps with advantage be formed of a Legislative Committee of Privy Council, is carefully designed to create the least possible disturbance of existing institutions.

It seems not impossible that a Department charged with the preparation of Parliamentary measures might at last solve the arduous problem of framing a code of law. Mr. STEPHEN selects for mention a code of Penal Law, which may perhaps deserve the preference, not because it is most urgently needed, but as the simplest and easiest branch of legislation. A portion of the task has been already accomplished; and it happens that criminal jurisprudence is often administered not unsatisfactorily by judges who had scarcely seen the trial of a prisoner before their elevation to the Bench. If a Penal Code were once in operation, a Commercial Code would perhaps follow in course of time. It is not likely that Parliament would reject a well-considered measure of codification proposed by competent authority, whether it embraced the whole province of law, or formed a mere fragment capable of being adjusted into the whole fabric which may hereafter be completed. The process of original legislation would be more invidious and more difficult. A Ballot Bill, and even a Licensing Bill, can only be introduced by a Ministry which must consider political expediences and possibilities as well as public advantage. A permanent Commission would be limited to the application of principles which are universally acknowledged. If their assistance was invoked in the construction and details of measures of which they might perhaps disapprove, they would subside into the irresponsible position of Parliamentary draftsmen. It is extremely difficult to insert any new kind of mechanism into the constitutional and administrative system; but Mr. STEPHEN's plan deserves careful examination, and, if it is approved, it may be fairly and easily tried. That any new institution will effect the purpose for which it is designed cannot be hastily assumed. A dozen Departments have been created and abolished within the last five-and-twenty years; and it is possible that a Legislative Commission might be equally transitory. The more ancient offices seem not to have been endangered by recent attacks.

#### BETHNAL GREEN.

THE visit of the Prince and Princess of WALES to Bethnal Green was a happy idea, which was very happily carried out. As a pageant it could not of course be compared with the scene on Thanksgiving Day; yet it was, after a fashion of its own, singularly impressive, touching, and even brilliant. Strangers from the West who had never been so far East before must have been surprised to find a district, associated in their minds with the idea of the most abject destitution, looking so spruce and blooming; but perhaps those who were familiar with it in its ordinary aspects, and especially the inhabitants, had most reason to rub their eyes and wonder where they were. Bethnal Green is one of the poorest and dingiest quarters of London. It is the seat of a number of precarious industries, and the refuge of a large floating population which is either struggling on the brink of pauperism or has just dipped under. It is at Bethnal Green that one hears stories of silk-weavers starving at their looms, of sempstresses pining over shirts at "three halfpence a piece, and find your own thread," and of little children of three and even two years old being set to the making of match-boxes. This is the dark

side of the picture, and nothing can be darker or more pathetic. But it is a mistake to suppose that the whole region is uniformly steeped in squalor, poverty, and wretchedness. It has its humble, but thriving, working classes, and it has also a substantial middle-class element to give it backbone, and to bear the heavy burden of the rates. Bethnal Green is certainly something different from a vast Seven Dials, but to the eye it is sad and dismal enough. What is most depressing about it is not so much its look of poverty, though it looks perhaps even poorer than it is, as its monotonous meanness and dullness. The whole life of the people seems to be washed down to a dingy, ashen monotone, which is reflected in the weary sameness of the shabby streets. It is a poor, careworn existence, without colour or animation, or anything to refresh the mind and stimulate the imagination. Such is the district which on Monday fluttered with flags and pennons, and made itself gay with strips of calico, festoons of paper flowers, and inscriptions in honour of the PRINCE and PRINCESS. Very little had been said about the affair beforehand, and to those who were not in the secret the surprise was startling; indeed, so much was left to spontaneous feeling and impromptu effort, that it is doubtful whether anybody knew what the display would be till it was actually set out. The artistic inspiration was of the most primitive character. Local Committees had decked the route for several miles with strings of flags suspended across the streets; the rest was left to the voluntary enterprise of the householders, who simply stripped their rooms of the most showy objects they contained, and stuck them up outside. Old rugs, carpets, curtains, tea-trays, chimney-piece ornaments, and fire-place finery in tissue paper were all included in this frank and homely system of embellishment. Here and there a shopkeeper had come out strong with crimson-cloth and Dutch metal; but the most significant and touching feature of the scene was the unsophisticated heartiness and sincerity with which the people produced their simple domestic contributions to the general display. It was in every sense a genuine popular festival, and nothing could be more honest or spontaneous than the welcome which the PRINCE received. It is probable that a great many of the inhabitants of the East of London saw the PRINCE for the first time on Monday, and those who had seen him before must have felt the difference between going to see him in a distant part of the town and receiving him at home. This time they were not merely spectators, but hosts. The PRINCE had come to see them, and they were there to do the honours in their own fashion, sitting at their windows in a crush of children, with the best rug thrown over the window-sill, a row of flower-pots, and festoons of tissue-paper flowers to represent their homage. The PRINCE is pretty well used by this time to flags and cheering, but he must have felt that he never had a more flattering reception than he met with at Bethnal Green.

It is impossible to doubt that it is a good thing that the PRINCE and the people should be brought together in this way. The people will feel that the PRINCE belongs to them more than ever now that he has been to see them in their own part of the town; and they will henceforth have a pleasant sense of personal intimacy with the institutions under which they live. It seems that when there was first a question of establishing a Museum at Bethnal Green there was some difficulty in getting at the "proper authorities"; but the inhabitants have now had the satisfaction of seeing in the flesh both the Prince of WALES and the LORD MAYOR. Philosophical persons who revel in abstract ideas would perhaps not be confirmed in their attachment to the Constitution by the sight of a young man in a general's uniform riding in a carriage, by the side of a charming PRINCESS in a pretty pink bonnet, and bowing and smiling pleasantly to right and left, or even by the escort of Life Guards, with their flashing swords and breastplates and waving plumes. But the popular imagination delights in a personal embodiment of great ideas, and it is as well that the Government of the country should be identified in the minds of the people with somebody more agreeably impressive than Policeman X. Apart altogether from the political influence of the PRINCE's visit, which it would be as easy to exaggerate as to underrate, it can hardly be doubted that the people of Bethnal Green will be the better for their holiday and for the brightness which it shed, if only for a moment, upon the very shady place where they live. It is a pity the rainbow should fade away so completely, and one cannot help regretting the chromatic austerities of modern English architecture. But even when all the flags are down, and the decorations removed, a bright streak of colour will linger in the recollection of the people, and will be reflected in the associations of the district, so that the mean, dingy streets will perhaps never be quite so

commonplace to them as before. The new Museum will of course always be associated with the PRINCE's day, and will probably help to enliven and elevate the poor life of the dull and weary people around it. Even if they do not go much inside it, the majolica fountain in the courtyard will be a cheering thing to look at as they pass to and fro. It will certainly be a great mistake if too much is expected from the Museum all at once. Its influence must necessarily be slow and gradual. The enjoyment of fine pictures is not a taste to be acquired in a day, or by merely studying pictures; it is the result of general culture and refinement. There is sure to be a good deal of curiosity about the Museum at first, and the startling value of some of the little canvases which Sir RICHARD WALLACE has generously lent for exhibition will invest them with a peculiar interest for people whose ideas of money and money's worth are, beyond a certain limited point, of a sentimental rather than a practical character. But when the first flush of curiosity and amazement has passed away, it is not improbable that the Museum may not be much frequented by the people of its own neighbourhood; and the rival attractions of the pot-house and the gin-palace will not be readily overcome. Yet there is much in the magnificent HERTFORD collection to appeal to popular sympathies. The humour and bluff candour of the Dutch pictures, the graces of Sir JOSHUA's beauties, and the marvellous workmanship of the MEISSONNIERS, can hardly fail to be appreciated, if only dimly; and the examples of artistic furniture may also be expected to find admirers.

Sir RICHARD WALLACE shared with the Prince of WALES the honours of the day. His liberality has evidently made a deep impression on the public mind; and the reporter of one of the morning papers, who describes him as a quiet-looking gentleman "in plain morning dress and lavender gloves," perhaps expected to see some one resembling the good prince of a fairy tale. Sir RICHARD deserves all the praise that has been bestowed on him; but there is surely a touch of conscious or unconscious satire on the measure of social duty ordinarily recognized by very rich men in the kind of startled admiration with which what is called his munificence is regarded. Sir RICHARD has proved his munificence in many ways, as in his prompt and really munificent gifts to the city of Paris during and after the siege, and his present of the TERBURG to our National Gallery; and there can be no doubt that he has just done a wise and generous thing in sending his pictures to Bethnal Green. There is no reason, however, to suppose that his treasures will not be properly protected; and he can see them whenever he chooses by merely taking the trouble to drive in a comfortable carriage to the East of London. That this particular act should be extolled as a personal sacrifice of the most heroic and unparalleled kind can hardly be considered flattering to the public spirit which is usually displayed by rich men in this country. If capitalists understood how much is in their power, and how easily they might win distinction by a judicious application of their wealth, such incidents might be expected to be less uncommon. The new Museum is not only a branch of the South Kensington collections, but the building actually consists of the historic "Boilers," which have been transplanted to the far East. It is well that Bethnal Green should have a Museum of any kind, but it may be observed that, besides presenting the discarded and useless "Boilers," South Kensington has done nothing for its protégé except start it in the world with a dusty collection of stale pickles, which is supposed to convey a vivid idea of the chemical analysis of food. This would seem to be but poor and tardy compensation for the policy which South Kensington has persistently and perseveringly pursued, of removing all the museums and collections it can lay hands on to as great a distance as possible from the masses of the people.

#### ORIGINALITY AND PLAGIARISM.

WE have received a little pamphlet, written with curious simplicity of style and thought, by Mr. Cruikshank. As admirers of his genius, we should be glad to do him any justice in our power; and we are therefore happy to announce to all whom it may concern that Mr. Cruikshank considers himself to have "originated" the stories of the *Miser's Daughter* and the *Tower of London*. Mr. Cruikshank put forward these claims in a letter to the *Times* in the month of April last; and Mr. Harrison Ainsworth, who has hitherto passed for the exclusive possessor of such claims to glory as may result from the authorship of these stories, contented himself with giving a "flat contradiction" to Mr. Cruikshank's letters. Hereupon arises a controversy, on which, as it depends on the private understanding which existed between an author and an artist some thirty years ago, and as our

only knowledge comes from the statements of one of the persons concerned, we must decline to express any decided opinion. We may regret, indeed, that Mr. Ainsworth did not express himself more mildly, and we are sorry that Mr. Cruikshank should have thought it necessary to his honour to plunge into so fruitless a discussion. But we cannot go into the ins and outs of a dispute which, for reasons to be explained directly, possesses very little interest for any human being, and which can hardly be decided by any information at our disposal.

The fact, however, that the controversy exists is suggestive of some obvious reflections. And, in the first place, it is rather singular that anybody, and more especially any one who deservedly enjoys a high artistic reputation, should be at the present moment anxious to establish so equivocal a claim. When the discussion between Messrs. Pugin and Barry as to the design of the Houses of Parliament was raging, some people urged that filial affection should have induced them to exchange places, and that each of the combatants should have been anxious to prove that his father did not, rather than that he did, deserve to be considered as the main architect. However it might be in that case, we should certainly say that, if Mr. Cruikshank were well advised, he would say as little as possible about his share in the letterpress of Mr. Ainsworth's novels. We have indeed a kind of lingering affection for those remarkable productions, founded upon boyish associations. We can remember the time when we took a keen interest in the simple-minded sensationalism of the tremendous romances in question, and though our memory of details is fast vanishing, we have a distinct vision of Dick Turpin's ride to York, as commemorated in *Rookwood*. This, by the way, is one of the stories to which Mr. Cruikshank makes no claim, but we strongly suspect that it was just as good or bad as those in which he had a hand. Good or bad, they have been plunging pretty deeply into oblivion, and the rising generation has found new food more to its tastes, and leaves poor Dick Turpin to moulder on forgotten shelves side by side with the two eternal cavaliers of G. P. R. James. If, however, they are remembered at all, they will be remembered chiefly from Mr. Cruikshank's illustrations. In a pleasant criticism of the artist's works, published in the *Westminster Review* in 1840, Thackeray makes some appropriate remarks upon this subject. Speaking of *Jack Sheppard*, he says, "It seems to us that Mr. Cruikshank really created the tale, and that Mr. Ainsworth, as it were, only put words to it." Let any reader, he says, think over it now that a few months are passed, and "tell us what he remembers of the tale. George Cruikshank's pictures, always George Cruikshank's pictures." He goes on to describe two plates representing storms on the Thames, and compares them with the pictures in words; Mr. Ainsworth describes steeples toppling and towers reeling in the tallest of language, and declares that any one who had faced the gale "would have been instantly stifled." But on the whole we can believe that the illustration puts the scene before us more forcibly than the text. Now *Jack Sheppard*, according to Mr. Cruikshank's own account, was "originated" as well as written by Mr. Ainsworth. Yet, as we see, the plates which it suggested to him were so powerful that they produced upon Thackeray's mind the impression that the state of the facts was just what Mr. Cruikshank alleges to have occurred in regard to the *Tower of London* and the *Miser's Daughter*. Now we would simply suggest to Mr. Cruikshank that this places him in a much more satisfactory position in regard to the first stories, where he makes no claim, than he would occupy in regard to the others if his claim were admitted. Surely it is far more creditable to an artist to have produced some excellent work on the suggestion of what it would be absurdly complimentary to call second-rate literature, than to have produced both the good pictures and the bad writing. There is no better proof of imaginative power than the capacity for extracting—if we may so speak—a good sermon from a bad text. Nothing gives, to take an example from a higher region of art, a greater notion of Shakespeare's power than a comparison of the raw materials of some of his plays with the marvellous poetry which he engrafted upon them. And we should certainly think more highly of Mr. Cruikshank's art the more completely we could free him in our mind from any complicity in the text of Mr. Ainsworth's stories.

To another dispute in which Mr. Cruikshank has unfortunately been engaged these remarks are not altogether applicable. Though we do not consider *Oliver Twist* to be amongst the best of Dickens's writings, it is certainly a book in which Mr. Cruikshank might be proud to claim a share. Upon this point, however, his claim suggests a different observation. Let us suppose that Mr. Cruikshank is entirely correct in his recollection of the part which he played. His whole statement is simply that he described the character of Fagin to Mr. Dickens, who took it up and made what we see of it. Now, if this be entirely accurate, to what does it amount? Suppose that Mr. Cruikshank had described a Jewish receiver of stolen goods to any other writer, as, for example, to Mr. Harrison Ainsworth. Does he suppose that the Jew as described by him or by any other writer would have been equal to the Jew as described by Dickens? He may have given the hint; but the whole merit of the character really depends upon the way in which it was made to move, and talk, and act by the novelist. It is not the mere outline, which would have done equally well in any hands; but, on the contrary, it was the filling up of the outline which gave to it all that is really interesting. The theme might have been treated by a hundred different writers, and the result would have varied in merit from the merest

lay-figure up to the most complete and admirable embodiment of genius. Imagine the cases to be reversed; if Dickens had described the Jew to Mr. Cruikshank, would the merits of the portrait have belonged exclusively to the novelist? Hundreds of artists, Mr. Cruikshank among them, have endeavoured to portray Falstaff. They have all made him preposterously fat, and, as far as they could, jovial, cynical, and humorous. But Falstaff in the hands of a bad artist is no better than the stupidest caricature that ever disgraced the pages of a comic journal; in the hands of the best, he may be almost a worthy representative of the great poet's creation. When Raffaele embodied his vision of feminine grace and dignity in the Sistine Madonna, he was not original in the sense of having invented the character; but nobody would think of detracting from the praise due to him because there had already been numberless attempts to do that in which he excelled all his predecessors. Or take the best description of Falstaff that was ever composed in prose, the most careful analysis of his character that has ever been put together by the ablest writer, and suppose that Shakespeare had had that description before him when he wrote; would it have been of the slightest use to him if he had not been Shakespeare? It is possible to give useful hints to the greatest imaginative creators, whether they work in words or in colours, but the merit lies in the power of embodying the bare suggestion in living and moving realities.

And now, to return to the case of Dickens, Mr. Cruikshank may have suggested to him the propriety of writing a story about a thieving Jew, but that circumstance makes singularly little difference to the claims either of Dickens or of Mr. Cruikshank. Mr. Cruikshank appears to be under the common impression that originality means the creation of a new character out of nothing. If that were the case, there would be very little original writing in the world, and moreover the original writing would be far from the best. All the greatest characters in poetry and fiction are in reality portraits; and very many of them are portraits of the creator himself. It would be curious to go over the most celebrated novels from this point of view, and to show how the characters which are most deservedly admired are almost invariably drawn from the life. The distinguishing peculiarity of the great artist is not that he invents something absolutely new, but that he can see fresh sources of interest in objects which to the ordinary observer are stupid and colourless. There is nobody of whom this is more conspicuously true than of Dickens, and some curious cases have been revealed by Mr. Forster's biography. We now know for certain what any literary critic of the smallest experience could have pretty well guessed beforehand, that all the most striking figures in his stories were in fact drawn from nature; and the only result is that we wonder more than ever at the extraordinary quickness of eye and freedom of touch which could clothe commonplace figures in such vivid colours. To evolve characters from one's inner consciousness is not really the method of a great writer, unless indeed that phrase may be applied to his descriptions of himself; and the more closely we examine any great work, the more distinctly we shall realize the fact that the most brilliant imagination can only throw new light upon old materials. Dickens's extraordinary fertility in inventing types of character is merely another name for extraordinary keenness of observation. Whether he took Fagin at first hand from some genuine old Jew whom he observed in his peregrinations, or drew him at second hand from Mr. Cruikshank's description, is a question which may possibly be of some interest to the literary historian, but is of no real significance as affecting his claim to originality. The same remark applies to Mr. Cruikshank himself. He has the merit of having drawn powerful pictures, and we care not who was the original who sat to him—a flesh and blood Hebrew, or the creation of Mr. Dickens's fancy, or whether, as one would rather suppose, Dickens's description served to awaken in him recollections of figures which he had seen with the bodily eye. The writer and the illustrator may mutually quicken each other's imagination; but it is little matter who throws the match when the essential thing is that it falls upon a mental magazine already stored full of images. We regret, therefore, that a matter which is really of such minor importance should have excited so much feeling; though we hope that, as Mr. Cruikshank happens to feel so strongly on what we consider to be a trifle, he may be satisfied by more courteous treatment than a "flat contradiction."

#### PARISH CONSTABLES.

WE spoke a little time back about the question now before Parliament as to the payment of Clerks to Justices of the Peace by salaries instead of by fees. Since then we are glad to see that the matter is now before Parliament in another shape. The question is no longer left in the hands of private members, but the needed reform is now brought forward as a Government measure. There is no need for us to say over again what we have said already, but we wish to call the thoughts of Mr. Bruce and Mr. Winterbotham, whose names are on the back of the Bill, and of all others whom it may concern, to a consequence which, as it seems to us, ought to follow on the adoption of the proposed change, and which—whether or not with a distinct perception of the logic of the case we cannot say—is in fact contemplated by Mr. Hibbert and Mr. Stansfeld, the authors of another Bill also before Parliament. The consequence indeed is of so revolutionary a kind that we should not wish to press its adoption with any

unseemly or irreverent haste. But the startling thought has sometimes come into our heads. If Justices' Clerks are paid by salaries, might not Parish Constables safely be abolished? We feel that we have a case to make out which calls for our best powers of argument, and it is quite a relief to us to find that, in our practical conclusion at any rate, we have at least two legislators already on our side. For, first of all, we feel that the backs of all steadygoing people cannot fail to be set up at the bare thought of getting rid of so ancient and venerable an office. And, secondly, we feel that, as we have put it, there may seem to be no logical connexion between the premiss and the conclusion. One who has not lived much in the world of local administration may think that a Parish Constable and a Justices' Clerk are two quite distinct functionaries, each, no doubt, equally useful and admirable in his own way, but who stand in no possible relation to one another. Why should a change in the payment of one of them lead to a result so fearful as the utter sweeping away of the other? We can only say that, though there is no kind of connexion in idea, there is the closest possible connexion in practice. We call on doubters to listen to the words of experience.

We must leave to constitutional antiquaries so grave a task as that of working out the origin and the primitive functions of the parish constable. Perhaps it might be safe, at least within the walls of University College, to attribute his invention, like the invention of other things, to the wisdom of Alfred. The King who summoned the first British jury, who divided England into counties, hundreds, and tithings, who invented frankpledge, the curfew, and the feudal system—we beg pardon, we rather think it was William the Conqueror, or perhaps Julius Caesar, who invented the last two—and who was so far in advance of his age as to invent a collegiate system which for four hundred years nobody thought of imitating—surely he and no other must have devised the great institution of the parish constable. That this functionary bears a French name is no difficulty. We know a borough, governed not by a portreeve, but by a bailiff, which firmly believes, no doubt in good faith, that its present constitution, titles and all, was a device of Alfred. And must we not believe it? If we fail to do so, we shall get called "carping antiquarians" or some such name, which we doubt not sounds very ugly in some quarters. As such old-fashioned notions as truth and accuracy have given way to that peculiar form of "historical essay" of which—so one great authority tells us—"Dean Stanley is the founder and master," there is nothing to do but to follow the example of the *Δικαιος λόγος*. We therefore take the plunge;

Ἰεαντομολῶ πρὸς ὑμᾶς.

We hail then in the parish constable a genuine institution of the Founder of University College. As in later times many things besides joints of meat turned on the King's turnspit being a member of Parliament, we will venture on the rash suggestion that the wise King, remembering his own fault, ordained that the constable, among other important functions, should act as a common turncake to all who were under his authority.

We say "authority"; because there can be little doubt that the constable once was, as his sounding title implies, a person really clothed with authority. According to a little book which we read and reviewed some time back, he was properly a military personage, the commander of the contingent which the *mark*, *gemeinde*, or *parish* sent to the *militia*, the *fyrð*, the constitutional force of the realm. We have not a word to say against this doctrine, except that, if it ever was so, it must have been a long time ago. In these later times we never heard of any division of the Militia or Volunteers being headed by the parish constable. If we had ever seen any constable discharging any such palpably useful functions, far be it from us to propose to sweep him away. We should rather hail with delight a military functionary of so strictly constitutional a type. What could be more worthy of Alfred than a captain named from among the people at large by one civil officer in the shape of the overseer, and approved by another in the shape of the justice of the peace? Our own memory only goes back to days when the parish constable was, in theory at least, a terror to evil-doers, but in a character purely civil, or military so far only as his duties might sometimes call for an appeal to the strong arm and to the use of the official truncheon. We suspect that in those days he had somewhat fallen from his high estate. He had stooped to be the executor of the sentences of a tribunal much less ancient than himself. We speak, especially in these times, under correction, for we are not clear whether justices of the peace are to be set down as an invention of Alfred. Of course we do not positively deny it, as their foundation by Alfred may have been proved in some historical essay of a peculiar character; but we have a notion, picked up perhaps from carping antiquaries, that justices of the peace date, with some changes in their nature and way of appointment, from the days of the later Edwards. At all events, within our memory the parish constable had sunk to be the executive power to carry out the decrees of the local administrators of justice, till the wisdom of Parliament found out another way of discharging his duty.

In short, it has fared with the parish constable pretty much as it fared with the elder Gods of the Greek mythology. Nereus, Gaia, and their fellows were not exactly destroyed, nor yet formally degraded, but they were quietly shoved aside, and new Gods took their places. Something like this not uncommonly happens in the bit-by-bit reforms of law-abiding England. It is not easy to get rid of even the smallest detail of the British Constitution.

When the Oxford Reform Bill passed and decreed that "the Congregation of the University of Oxford should consist of" certain persons, instead of certain other persons of whom it had hitherto consisted, it was fondly believed that the new Congregation, with its new constitution and its new duties, would absorb the old, with its different constitution and its different duties. But the result of the Act turned out to be to create a quite new "Congregation of the University of Oxford," and to leave standing beside it the "Ancient Congregation," just as it stood before. Something in the same way, we have created the Guardians of the Poor, practical persons enough according to their own construction of their duties, that of guarding the purse of the parish against the poor. But alongside of them still abide the ancient Overseers of the Poor, persons who also discharge useful functions enough, but with which the poor are, since the creation of the Guardians, only very indirectly concerned. So in the like sort, when the County Police—first tried, as usual, as an optional measure—was made compulsory everywhere, one might have thought that the parish constable would have vanished. His duties as the protector of life and property, the man bound to bring wrongdoers before the magistrate and to carry out the sentence which the magistrate pronounces, might seem to have been altogether transferred to other hands. His occupation seemed wholly to have gone, the reason for his being seemed quite to have come to an end, when all that he had ever tried to do after his own desultory and parochial fashion was much better done by the men in blue, working under regular discipline according to a regular organization. He now seemed to belong to a past state of things; he was a curious fragment of an earlier generation, like those strange animals of the edentate and pachydermatous orders which look as if they had no business in the reign of Zeus, but ought to have passed away with Kronos or Ouranos. It might have been thought that the parish constable would have gone, simply leaving his name behind him for carping antiquaries to discuss his exact relations to the Constable of France, and for lovers of proverbial lore to search out what kind of an officer it was that gentlemen of an extravagant turn are popularly said to outrun.

We have made some researches into the practical working of the parish constable, now that he exists in this shadowy state alongside of the officers to whom his duties have really been transferred. One magistrate tells us that in the space of twelve years he has known a parish constable act once, and that, if he rightly remembers, was by way of helping the police when he had a special motive to help them. Another tells us that all that he ever had to do with parish constables was to commit the constable of his own parish—perhaps his own natural military chief—to prison for beating his wife, and that, to add to the scandal of so great a functionary so misbehaving, the order for taking the culprit to prison had to be addressed to the culprit himself. All that another could tell us was that he had once been named for the office himself, that he was not clear whether he had ever been formally appointed, but that he certainly had no remembrance of having discharged any additional duties on the strength of his new dignity, if he held it. These small facts may be taken as showing that the action of the parish constable is at least not very vigorous or permanent, and that he might pass away without the foundations of society being seriously shaken. But there is one class of men who, as the law stands at this moment, would suffer a good deal by the abolition of parish constables. This brings us round to the doctrine with which we started. For whose sake is the parish constable kept up? It is hardly for his own sake. There may be minds so oddly constituted as to have a special ambition for the office of parish constable, but we cannot think that they can be many. The dignity nowadays is at least not great; the revenues are nothing at all; the duties, if they are ever discharged, cannot be very agreeable. The constable is something like a Roman Consul under Theodoric. In one point he differs. If his dignity is not the first on earth, he is at least freed from the necessity of providing games for the people. But he closely follows the steps of his Roman prototype in this. The Consul, so at least Cassiodorus assured him, enjoyed all the honours of office, while the Gothic King did all the work. Even so the parish constable enjoys all the honours of office, whatever they may be, while the work is done for him by the county policeman. Still we can hardly think the attractions of the post can be so great that many candidates would be found to volunteer their names if the overseers did not put them down on the list. If, then, the office is not kept up for the sake of the constables themselves, is it kept up for the sake of the general public? That can hardly be, when the constables do so little for the defence of the general public as appears by the evidence which we have already brought forward. Is it for the sake of the particular parishes for which the constables are chosen? That can hardly be, when the parishes get no more out of the constables than other people, while they have to pay fees on their appointment. This brings us to the real final cause of the existence of parish constables now that there is nothing whatever for them to do. They exist for the sake of those who receive the fees which the parishes pay on their appointment. That is to say, they exist for the sake of the Justices' Clerks. The constables are appointed yearly after a fashion not lacking in solemnity. The overseers bring their lists, and out of those lists the magistrates appoint the constables under what we might venture to call a *letter missive* from the overseers. There is some swearing and paying on the part of the overseers. On another day the constables come themselves in person, and are admitted to their office. Then

there is more swearing and paying on the part of the constables. For what purpose, then, is all this? The time of the overseers is wasted, the time of the magistrates is wasted, the time of the constables themselves is wasted. The general public gets no good; the particular parishes have to pay. Who then gains? The Justices' Clerk, and the Justices' Clerk only. All the rest go through an empty ceremony; he goes through the very practical business of receiving his fees. But if Justices' Clerks are to be paid by salary instead of by fees, it would seem to follow as the necessary consequence that parish constables might be safely done away with. The constables exist only to pay fees to the clerks, and, if the clerks are no longer to receive fees, there is no longer any reason for the existence of the constables. It can hardly be said that they should be kept up in order that fees may be paid to the counties, for that argument is as broad as it is long. What the ratepayers would gain at one end they would lose at the other. The parish constable no doubt once had his use; he may or may not be an invention of Alfred; he may or may not have been the military commander of the parish; but, now that he exists only to pay fees to the Justices' Clerks, he may safely go the way of other things which have once been useful and are so no longer.

#### LONDON AS SUMMER QUARTERS.

LONDON is perhaps the last place that intending holiday-makers would select as eligible summer quarters, and yet, in our opinion, they might do very much worse. We should hardly recommend it to those who love the quiet beauty of nature for its own sake, and who like to take their pleasures placidly if not dreamily. It is true that solitary City churchyards may be romantic enough, when the business tide has ebbed away of an evening to the suburbs. But although the moss-grown slabs, German-silvered by the smoke-tinged moonlight, may have a certain weird and solemn picturesqueness, a little meditation among those melancholy tombs would go a very long way. The early freshness and the first blaze of bloom in the Parks soon wear and fade in the smoke and soot of a London season, and the first charming contrast with brick and stucco swiftly changes to the depressing uniformity of urban tone. In short, if you are one of the few who can begin the enjoyment of the day by merely opening the windows, who feast their eyes on waving foliage, and soothe their minds with the song of birds and murmur of bees, who thoroughly delight in some quiet ride or long rambling walk—if you are one of these rare exceptions to the almost universal rule, you would certainly make a mistake in coming to London for summer. But most of us are so used to movement of one sort or another that a sudden arrest of accumulated momentum would be like a sort of paralysis. Our recreation is merely the change of one excitement for another. If we are men of business, we may consent to bore ourselves for the sake of our health and our families, but we insist on being hurried along breathless as we swallow our fresh air in gulps. If we are idle, we must be always exchanging one pleasure for another, and dare not leave ourselves time for the reflection that would infallibly turn to regret or remorse. As for women, the atmosphere of brisk society of some sort is absolutely necessary to brace them. They might as well recruit for the summer in the Dismal Swamp or the Pontine Marshes as go where there is no one to sneer at them for wearing their last year's dresses. So, if we can afford it, we go to foreign baths or to English watering-places; and a most unsatisfactory time we have of it for the most part.

What is the invariable foreign tour in the season, now that summer travel is the easily gratified ambition of the million? It is a perpetual scramble—a race for seats on steamers and in railway carriages, and for beds in inns. Given a certain distance to be covered in a certain time, and we are all started to the motto of "*Répos ailleurs*." We bolt our meal at early morning. We are hustled from the breakfast-room into the hotel omnibus. We fight over the weighing of our luggage, after losing our temper in the railed gangway that leads past the ticket wicket. We are locked up in a stifling waiting-room with swarms of flies, half a hundred of English and American competitors, and a sprinkling of fervent natives. We are emancipated at last. After being worked up to the utmost and heavily handicapped with bags and umbrellas, we enter for a literal heat along the hard hot flags of the platform. We are distanced of course by those who are in the best training and the most lightly weighted. The short-winded head of the household, in his tight-buttoned English frock-coat, comes grunting in a bad last, having waited dutifully to stimulate his better and heavier half to increased exertion. The family is scattered through the worst places of various carriages, and all they see of the country which they came ostensibly to admire is the samples of dust and decomposed limestone that come flying in through the close-drawn sunblinds. After being turned away superciliously from a couple of hotels, they find their miserable billet in the attics of an inn of the second class. The *table-d'hôte* has begun twenty minutes ago, and they descend to be served with the tepid soup, when the earlier guests are helping themselves to the wings and breasts of the chickens. Touring of this sort is but a modified form of enjoyment, even if one looks forward on the morrow to a nice long day among pictures and churches. Yet, such as it is, it is livelier work than that which follows when you are temporarily domesticated at one of the fashionable German baths. Our typical English tourists are of course eminently

English and respectable, and the meretricious attractions of these places, it must be confessed, address themselves primarily to miserable foreign sinners. They may be all very pleasant if you go in for play; you may count on an absorbing excitement so long as your rouleaux last, while you are tossed backwards and forwards in the ceaseless fluctuations of your luck. Among the woods, and the fountains, and the flower-beds, you are always pursuing the illusive fortune which you hope to clutch before the last of your Napoleons has taken flight. But our respectable English family eschews the tables with all their seductions and their viciously delusive gains. The presence of the sirens of the Parisian theatres, tricked out in their cool flowing garments of gold and gossamer, and the finest of purple and fine linen, is an absolute abomination to them. Turn which way they will, they must always be drawing in their petticoats to avoid the contact of sin or folly. They dare not show at a ball, for the free and easy foreign custom permits any pushing foreign *roué* to request the hand of any of the rosy daughters. If they venture to a concert, as likely as not the robes of some Mademoiselle Anonyma are overflowing from the next seat; and the shady walks in the beech woods very soon begin to pall upon them, and drives to the Elizabethbrunnen or Schloss Galgenstein become dulness itself. The men are little better off than the ladies. Even if they are sportsmen, they find that an occasional sluggish grayling but ill repays them for whipping the still German waters through a sweltering summer day; while, if they try their fortune in the forests rented by the Administration for the enjoyment of more munificent patrons than themselves, they learn that the game is a myth, or is preserved for the later battues of the autumn. We need say little of our English counterpart of the foreign bath. We suspect that the "twelve hours by the sea" which some of our enterprising railway companies advertise might be almost sufficient to satisfy the longings of any one. At any rate you escape the extortions of the marine lodging-housekeepers, and the miseries of their plain cookery. You accept as so many incidents of the expedition the brass bands and the hurdy-gurdy men, the Christy Minstrels and the Punch and Judy shows. Your delicacy is not outraged by bathing under the gaze of the local beauty and fashion; you have not to perform a succession of pedestrian feats in the shape of diurnal strolls along the holding sands; nor need you stumble through perilous equestrian performances over the downs on horses that have broken down under the ceaseless hiring of the sunny season. If you really move yourself and your belongings to the sea for the summer, what with the dulness, and what with the positive suffering, it needs all the bracing influences of the briny air to send you home again as fresh as when you went there.

Suppose, on the other hand, you were to fly for once in the face of custom and prejudice and try London. We do not assume that you are "in society," otherwise of course you would be in London already. We do not hold out as an attraction the *entrée* to circles more or less exclusive, the privilege of eating indigestible dinners at crowded tables at abnormal hours, the scrambling for unwholesome suppers after getting up an unnatural appetite by a course of social gymnastics in stifling drawing-rooms. We propose that you should come to London simply for the same sort of distraction which you gladly welcome as an event at Slowcome-super-Mare; and we say that, looking at the matter dispassionately, London is the most charming centre of distractions in the world. We know that it is the fashion in Europe, and in Paris above all, to sneer at our grand agglomeration of brick and mortar. Frenchmen shudder unaffectedly at a city that has no *cafés* and no climate suitable to *al fresco* beer sipping, and that is sadly deficient in *restaurants*. Americans, who regard Paris as Paradise, used to shun London as a foretaste of Purgatory, but they are coming round rather to like it now, and admit that it has its good points. Frenchmen care nothing for country life either. They can understand nothing of the pleasures which we English people look for in our holiday time. It is just as well for them. The Boulevards of Paris are always agreeable, it is true; and it used to be a pleasant drive to the Bois de Boulogne before the trees were felled by the Committee of Defence, and when the gravel and the turf were watered by the Imperial water-carts. But, except the afternoon drive in the ring at a foot's pace, what object can anybody propose to himself in Paris to kill the summer day? A visit to the Jardin d'Acclimation, or a solitary scull at Asnières. At intervals of long weeks, a little racing at Long-champs or the distant Chantilly. Come to London, however, and you are positively embarrassed by the choice of amusements, if your tastes are at all universal. Racing is going on everywhere around you, within an easy railway distance. To say nothing of mere cockney carnivals like Hampton or the Alexandra Park, you have Ascot and Goodwood, with several days' sport at each, treading close on the heels of Epsom. No scratch meetings, like those got up once in a way at your pet German resort, where some miserable platers strain themselves on an unnatural course, doubled up in the folds of some rocky valley, but a competition of the best blood in the world, with more money depending on the events than ever changed hands of an evening at the tables. The worst of it is, that you may have a weakness for cricket as well as for horse-flesh, and the very day that the winner of the Derby is to meet the first favourite for the Leger, the Marylebone Club and Ground plays All England at Leeds, while a friend has pressed you to run down to Eton for the sake of old times and see the Zingari match with the school. There are Fourth of June too, and speech days at Har-

row, and international boat-races below Teddington, between picked crews from either hemisphere. You are fond of yachting, and the Royal Thames Yacht Club has commenced its season, and a shilling fare in a Gravesend boat carries you down to see the craft becalmed in the reaches; and wherever you go you are likely enough to encounter an acquaintance from your own town or county. Or if you care for none of these things, or if the ladies of the party prefer more feminine amusements, which of the Continental Kursaals or casinos can vie with the Crystal Palace in the ever-changing variety of its programmes? and how many of them can match its grounds and its gardens in the rare charms of the wide prospect they command? One day there is a dog show, the next a grand concert with an harmonious clamour of countless voices and solos by the stars of both operas, and then again there are displays of cats, and fireworks, and poultry, and roses. You have horticultural and botanical fêtes at Kensington and the Regent's Park and Chiswick. You have dinners on Norwood and on Richmond Hills, with the prettiest domestic scenery in England stretching away below your dinner-tables; and you have the drives home afterwards through the shady gardens of the suburbs in the cool of the evening. Then, we own, the worst is to come, and you might easily sleep in fresher air than awaits you in London. But after all it is little worse than the atmosphere of such stifling valleys as Ems or Spa, and we cannot possibly have everything as we would like it in this world. Englishmen would grumble, of course, over their summer in London, yet we suspect that, if they were candid, they would confess that they found it more enjoyable than their last season's holiday on the Continent or by the sea.

#### VARIETY IN RELIGION.

WHATEVER may be thought of the justice of Mr. Disraeli's classification of Liberal and Conservative principles, there can be no doubt that he showed his usual discrimination in the choice of an opprobrious epithet, and that Cosmopolitanism is at present very much at a discount. Ever since the Paris Commune exploded in a shower of real or mythic petroleum, Cosmopolitanism has been going down. Communists, Comtists, Red Republicans, Internationalists, Deceased Wife's Sister people, and that oddly-mixed horde which is always attacking the Church of England, appear to be all in a bad way just now. The tide which at one time seemed to be bearing them forwards has turned, and the current of opinion is dead against them. The Dilkeites are under a cloud, and the Odgerites have been in bad odour ever since their leader had to seek refuge in a retirement which perhaps reminded him soothingly of the seclusion of the Ballot. Ecclesiastical or theological Cosmopolitanism has also gone to the dogs in an equally remarkable manner. The frenzied Nonconformity of the Manchester Conference has been ignominiously snuffed out in Parliament. The Burials Bill—which was, as it happens, the very first Bill brought into the House of Commons this Session—has suffered the fate of the early worm, instead of enjoying the privilege of the early bird. It soon got knocked out of time, and expired a few days ago without a kick. The Deceased Wife's Sister Bill, notwithstanding the notorious eagerness of the reckless couples who defray the heavy expenses of the agitation to hide their shame under retrospective legislation, is continually being postponed; and on Wednesday the Occasional Sermons Bill—an insidious project for stabbing the Church of England in the back when it was thought that nobody was looking—was decisively rejected by a large majority. The Burials Bill is a characteristic example of the unscrupulous spitefulness of political Dissent. Mr. Samuel Morley was surprised in a moment of candour into an acknowledgment of what was indeed obvious, that the Burials Bill involved a question of religious feeling, or at least of public decorum, on which Churchmen and Nonconformists were at one. He admitted that it was necessary to take some precautions against offensive addresses or outrageous performances in the parish churchyards, and he promised to draw up an amendment with that object. We are not aware that Mr. Morley has ever fulfilled this promise, and he has probably discovered that it was not agreeable to his political associates, who have other objects in view than the maintenance of public decency. We cannot imagine that there is anything in the Burial Service of the Church of England to which conscientious Nonconformists can object; but it is a reasonable compromise that it should not be read unless desired, and that if another service is preferred, it should be performed elsewhere than in the churchyard. There is no reason why the Church should not do all in its power to facilitate the burial of Dissenters, but it is not desirable that every little knot of fanatics or political agitators who choose to set up something they call a religion and to proclaim themselves a Church or sect, should be permitted to perform any ceremonies or deliver any harangues they please under the pretext of burying a friend. It is intolerable that the solemn and tender thoughts which are associated with the burial of the dead should be liable to be outraged in this manner. It cannot be doubted that it is not for their own sakes, but simply as a means of injuring the Church of England, that this singular Bill is supported by the Nonconformists. The opening up of the churchyards to all and sundry appears to be a natural and useful step towards getting the churches similarly thrown open.

It is not perhaps surprising that the enemies of the Church of England should assail it in this manner, but it is difficult to

understand by what process of reasoning those who profess to be friends of the Church can bring themselves to join in the assault. At least it would be difficult to understand this if we had not the benefit of the highly instructive speeches of Mr. Cowper-Temple and Mr. Hughes on the Occasional Sermons Bill. We should be sorry to doubt the sincere attachment of either of these gentlemen to the Church of which they are members, but it is obvious that, if they were able to carry out their views, the Church would speedily become something very different from what it now is. The object of the Bill is, or we should rather say was, since the Bill is dead, to throw open the pulpits of the Church of England to all the world. Laymen and clergymen of every denomination were equally to be put in possession of the churches of the Establishment for the purpose of propagating any opinions they might choose to advocate. A nominal check on any abuse of this remarkable privilege was provided in the shape of a bishop's licence. It is obvious that if the practice of granting licences were to become common, a bishop would find it very difficult to refuse an application for one, except in an extreme case where the objections to the applicant were notorious and overwhelming. The bishop was to be empowered to grant a licence on application, but it was not stated how long the licence should run. As the person thus authorised to preach would be altogether beyond the discipline and control of the Church, he could uphold whatever doctrines he liked with perfect impunity, and it is doubtful whether, under the Bill as it stood, it would have been possible to revoke a licence when it had once been granted, no matter what use might be made of the privilege. Mr. Cowper-Temple justified this extraordinary measure on the ground that it was a good thing to have a little variety in religion. He thought it would be a great advantage if congregations could be occasionally treated to "different schools of thought and different styles of preaching." Most people will allow that *toujours perdrix* gets to be tiresome at last, and that it is desirable to stimulate the appetite by a judicious change of dishes. Mr. Cowper-Temple appears to be of opinion that this great principle of gastronomy is equally applicable to religious teaching. He would no doubt admit that what he calls the "conventional teaching" of the Church of England is very well in its way, but he thinks it is quite possible to have not only enough, but too much of it, and that "everybody would like a little variety in that respect." If this system were thoroughly worked out, the monotony of Trinitarian doctrines might be relieved by occasional doses of Deism or Rationalism. A series of Low Church sermons would be appropriately followed by a course of Anglicanism; after which a little cold Positivism would supply a refreshing *douche*. Every school of thought would of course be taken in turn, and when a congregation began to find that it had had enough of thought, it would be glad of some "popular and stirring preaching" by way of relaxation. The effect of this kind of treatment would naturally be to keep the mind in a highly flexible and elastic condition, and to prevent it from contracting any narrow "conventional" prejudices for or against any particular religion. As Mr. Cowper-Temple says, it is desirable that religion should be as free as possible, and variety is wholesome. We presume that, under the new system, preachers would not be tied down to what the member for Bedfordshire calls "that glorious old book"—the Bible. The Koran or the Book of Mormon might be occasionally substituted for it, or perhaps selections from Goethe and Voltaire. If something very "stirring" were required, a band of Shakers might be secured "for this occasion only." It is possible that the result of this system might be to make the services of the Church of England more popular and attractive. It may be admitted that at present these services are not as exciting and amusing as they might be, and, as Mr. Cowper-Temple complains, it is always the same thing over again, creeds and all. If the "stirring" system were to be adopted, with a free range of churches and religions to choose from, and if incumbents would throw themselves zealously into the duties of theatrical managers, and endeavour to provide a constant succession of "great effects" and "startling novelties" for the entertainment of their congregations, a revival of an unexpected kind might perhaps be witnessed in the Church.

Of course, if it is to be understood that people go to church just as they go to the play and the opera, merely to pass a pleasant hour or two, a good deal might be said in favour of Mr. Cowper-Temple's ingenious scheme for introducing variety and "stirring" effects into the Divine service. If, on the other hand, the services of the Church have anything to do with the inculcation of religious truth, it is obviously necessary that some precautions should be taken to prevent congregations from being outraged or imposed upon. Mr. Cowper-Temple thought it was a great merit of his Bill that it did not touch any doctrine whatever; but it is clear that the doctrines of the Church would cease to be distinctive and authoritative if its pulpits were to be thrown open for the indiscriminate and promiscuous preaching of every kind of religion or philosophy. He also objected to an "artificial barrier" being raised between clergymen of the Church of England and clergymen of other denominations. It has been said to be possible to conceive of a Lord Mayor without his robes and gold chain; and Mr. Cowper-Temple appears to be able to conceive of a Church which has no particular doctrines of any kind attaching to it. The ordinary notion of the Church of England is, that it is an association based on certain definite religious doctrines. If Nonconformists hold these doctrines, the Church is open to them; if they do not, they have no right to complain that they are not permitted to go into the pulpits of the Church in order

to contradict and denounce its teaching. Mr. Hughes holds that Babylon and Jerusalem are very like each other, especially Jerusalem; and that there is no difference worth mentioning between the doctrines of the Church of England and the doctrines of the great body of Protestant Dissenters. If that is the case, it is an excellent reason why the Dissenters should cease to dissent. We cannot help thinking that in all these discussions the question is argued too much on the assumption that the compact between the Church and State is all on one side, and that the Church is bound to take what it can get and be thankful. Those who think thus must surely be blind to the signs of the times. If such attempts at legislation as Mr. Cowper-Temple's fantastic Bill were to be made in earnest, it would become a serious question how much of this kind of thing the Church would endure. Mr. Cowper-Temple suggested that, if congregations did not care for the preaching of the strange crew whom he wished to let loose upon them, they could stay away, and there were plenty of other churches where they could go to. But perhaps he would be rather startled if the congregations were to take him at his word. It can hardly be doubted that the effects of such legislation would be to tease and worry both clergy and laity out of the Church, so that the mere shell of it would be left.

#### WHO PAYS FOR IT?

**PUBLIC** opinion with regard to Trades Unions and strikes has gone through some curious fluctuations during the last few years. A violent prejudice against them was followed by an equally unreasonable and absurd reaction in their favour; and it is possible that we are now about to witness another rebound of popular sentiment. It is not very long since the Unions were regarded as everything that was evil. The whole fabric of society was supposed to be shaken to its foundations whenever a little knot of labouring men announced that they would not continue to work for their employers except on their own terms. The delegates and other officials who had the management of strikes were represented as profligate adventurers, who stirred up mischief solely for their own profit; and arson and assassination were supposed to be the familiar weapons of their daily work. The feeling against the Unions reached its climax after the horrible revelations at Sheffield in 1867; but it was plausibly observed that all Unions were not as the saw-grinders, and it was at least possible to hope that even the saw-grinders were exceptionally unfortunate in having for a time fallen into the hands of such a villain as Broadhead. The Lancashire brick-makers were perhaps only a little way behind the Sheffield grinders in the ferocity of their warfare against all who transgressed the arbitrary laws of their association; but it was shown by the inquiries of a Royal Commission that the Unions were managed as a rule by respectable men, who were by no means highly paid for very onerous and laborious duties; and that, with the exception of picketing, there was nothing of a positively criminal nature in the ordinary course of their operations. It was obvious that some injustice had been done to the Unions, and in the revulsion of feeling which ensued one prejudice was exchanged for another. Now that it was agreed that working-men were entitled to combine, it was rashly assumed that the objects for which they combined were always wise and just; and that in any dispute between them and their employers, they were invariably in the right and the masters in the wrong. Sentimental people who wished to see everybody happy and comfortable were shocked that the masters should be so hard-hearted as to grudge the poor working-man an addition of a few shillings a week to his wages, and, above all, a little more leisure for mental improvement and the cultivation of domestic virtues. It was in this genial mood that the engineers' strike at Newcastle last year was generally criticized. But London has now a strike of its own; and its confidence in the native sagacity and moral perfection of the working-men appears to be somewhat shaken. It is evident from the tone of the press and of general conversation, that those amiable persons who were so delighted with the strike of the Newcastle engineers are not disposed to hail the strike of the London builders with the same cheerful enthusiasm. It is true that the demands of the carpenters and masons and the demands of the engineers come to pretty much the same thing; nine hours a day is, we are told, the essential principle of the movement in London as in the North. But then for the Londoners there is this rather important distinction—that they are very much interested in houses, but not in steam-engines, and that the one strike took place at a distance, and, as far as they were aware at the moment, did not touch them at all, while the other strike is going on under their eyes and touches them very closely. It is wonderful how good-natured and philanthropic people can be when good-nature and philanthropy cost them nothing. Charity has been described in a familiar aphorism as a kindly feeling which prompts A. to urge B. to give C. something. Last year many persons thought that the capitalists of the North ought not to hesitate to surrender a share of their profits to oblige the operatives; but the demands of the London carpenters and masons have not met with similar encouragement. It is impossible not to see that, if these demands were conceded, there would be a general rise in rents, which would in time raise prices; and the Friends of Humanity resent a direct levy on their own purses. Very few of us are in the habit of buying

steam-engines for private use, but sooner or later of course we shall all feel the effect of the increased cost of machinery. Already the bill has been sent in for the strikes in the coal and iron trades. It appears from the letter of one of the *Times*' Correspondents in the midland mining district, that the prices of spades, locks, files, nails, and other hardware goods have gone up fifty per cent. in nine months, and that they are still rising.

It may in itself be a very good thing that working-men should receive higher wages and do less work than formerly; but there is no getting rid of the fact that increased wages and diminished labour mean the abstraction of so much money from somebody's pocket. Up to a certain point prices can usually be raised without seriously diminishing consumption; and when that point has been reached, there is again a margin of employers' profit of which by higgling the operatives can obtain a larger or smaller share. If prices are forced up too high, or if employers' profits are cut down too low, the operatives themselves will suffer for it, inasmuch as capitalists and consumers will strike against their demands. The capitalists will transfer their money to some more remunerative business, and consumers will try to curtail their wants, or to satisfy them with some cheaper commodity. It is probable that, within the limits we have mentioned, there is still plenty of room for an improvement in the circumstances of the operatives, provided it be effected gradually and in moderate instalments. It can hardly be doubted, however, that in the present instance the carpenters and masons are asking too much at once; and that the magnitude and suddenness of their demands would, if they were granted, produce a disturbance of trade which in the long run would recoil upon themselves. A good deal of silly cant is sometimes talked about the working-men's duty to society in such a case. It seems to us that, if the industrial greatness of England can only be maintained by a sacrifice of industrial profits, the working-man may reasonably suggest that the capitalist should begin by setting the example. He has a perfect right to insist upon getting the highest wages within his reach; and the only question he need trouble himself with is whether he really can get them and keep them. Of course, if trade suffers, he will suffer too; and he will do well to bear that in mind. But otherwise he can hardly be blamed if he leaves society to shift for itself, and confines his attention to his own private interests. We imagine that in doing so he will have a large proportion of the human race to keep him in countenance. Admitting, however, to the fullest extent the right of working-men to combine, it does not follow that the objects for which they combine are necessarily sound and wholesome; and it is unfortunate that their friends should be so ready to encourage them in economic fallacies. The whole system of the Trade Unions is founded on the theory that wages can be raised by producing an artificial scarcity of labour. This is the object of the rules against the employment of machinery, piece-work, overtime, &c.; and it is also the object of the Nine Hours' Movement. The bricklayers join with the brick-makers in opposing machine-made bricks. The masons set their face against quarry-worked stone. A bricklayer is not allowed to set more than a specified number of bricks in a given time; bricks must not be wheeled in a tarrow, and only eight or ten may be carried at a time; labourers are not to go up one ladder and come down another—that would save time, and the object is to waste it. These are a few of the rules taken at random. They vary in different districts and in different trades, but the spirit of them is always the same. It is assumed that whether the work is done quickly or slowly, cheaply or dearly, the amount of employment will always be the same, and that it is necessary to spread it thin to make it go far. It does not seem to occur to the Unionists that prices have any effect whatever on the development of trade. If they had been generally successful in their opposition to machinery, the effect would have been to restrict the area of employment; and there can be no doubt that the various devices in restraint of trade which are resorted to for the purpose of providing work for a larger number of hands have just the opposite result from that intended.

It is important that it should be understood that the strike in the building trades, like the strike of the Newcastle engineers last year, is only the beginning of the battle. It has been repeatedly asserted that the engineers completely defeated their masters. But, in point of fact, the men surrendered their chief point. They obtained an increase of wages, but the limitation of hours is only nominal. A day is held to mean nine hours, and after that the men receive a higher rate of pay for the rest of the day's work. The masters gave way only when the men pledged themselves to work so many hours each day as might be necessary. The real object of the nine hours' movement is to get a hard and fast day of that length, and to put down overtime. An increase of wages is very satisfactory to the men who have found employment, and especially to strong, energetic, industrious workmen, who have no objection to increase their earnings by overtime; but the unemployed clamour for a share. The Unions imagine that, by artificially diminishing the supply of labour, they can not only enhance its value, but secure employment for a larger number of workmen. It is assumed that when a man has passed his apprenticeship—say as a carpenter—and has joined a Union, paying his dues regularly, and observing the rules of the society, he is entitled to have work, or at least wages, found for him, as a carpenter, for the rest of his life; and it is the business of the Union to see to that. This is of course only the principle of national workshops in a modified form. It is agreed that in a civilized country a man who is willing to work should not be exposed to absolute starvation; but it does not seem

to follow that because a particular trade is overstocked with labour, the community should consent to employ two men to do one man's work. The natural conclusion would seem to be, that if there are too many carpenters, some of them should turn their hands to something else. It may be admitted that a man's labour ought not to be habitually prolonged to a point at which it involves either physical or mental exhaustion; but it is not pretended that ten hours' work is injurious to health, and the notion that the men would do ten hours' work in nine is contradicted by the frank avowal of the object for which a reduction of hours is sought. The heads of the public works in the United States do not speak favourably of the operation of the Eight Hours Law in the reports just laid before Congress. It is stated that the men have not done as much work in eight as in ten hours, and that it is doubtful whether the reduction of hours has been beneficial to them. Some of the carpenters have turned their time to good account in study; the masons and stone-cutters have devoted it to animal repose, and the labourers to "carousing and other mischief." It does not follow that when the men have got accustomed to leisure, and have learned to appreciate it, they will not make a proper use of it; and in any case they have the same right as other classes to spend their time as they choose. The immediate question is not whether the working-men are likely to occupy their spare moments in an edifying manner, but whether they can compel the masters to reduce their hours. On the whole, it is probable that the shortening of the day's labour would in the long run have an elevating effect on the working classes; but the grounds on which they now demand this concession are fallacious, and the moment is hardly propitious. English industry in all its branches is every day exposed more directly and sharply to foreign competition; and the general adoption of the nine hours' movement in this country, in its literal and stringent sense, would place our manufacturers at an obvious disadvantage as compared with those on the Continent, where the ordinary hours of labour range from twelve to sixteen. It is true that an Englishman will on the average do at least half as much again within a given time as a German or a Frenchman; but, on the other hand, the English workman costs twice as much in meat and drink as his Continental brother, and he will be apt to find himself seriously handicapped in the industrial race, if, in addition to his expensive habits, he makes a serious reduction in his hours of labour. We can hardly be surprised that the proposal to settle the differences in the building trade by arbitration has failed. As we have before observed, arbitration can only be successful when certain fixed principles have been laid down as to the relation between masters' profits and workmen's earnings, and other questions of a similar kind. When the nature of the present dispute is considered, it will be seen that the operatives have acted in an honest and straightforward manner in rejecting the silly or insincere suggestion of the Trades' Council of working-men, of which Mr. Odger is the presiding genius, that the rate of wages should be determined by arbitration, on the basis of nine hours for a day's work. The state of the case is simply this. There are at present more carpenters in London than there is work for. Those who are out of employment insist that the Union should procure for them a share of the work which is in the hands of their more fortunate comrades. The latter say they have no objection if their wages are not reduced, and they will like it all the better if their wages are increased. They have no objection to do less work in order to oblige their fellows, but then the masters or the public must pay for the loss of time. The whole question is out of whose pocket this loss shall be paid for; and as the men are determined not to pay for it themselves, it would be a mockery to submit it to arbitration.

#### THE POPE'S LAST MANIFESTO.

THE full text of the Pope's letter to Cardinal Antonelli, dated on June 16, the twenty-sixth anniversary of his election, has now appeared in the *Osservatore Romano*; and it shows at least that advancing years have in no wise curtailed either the pungency or the fecundity of his verbiage. The special occasion alleged for breaking silence is the profound grief inspired by the last resolve of the usurping Government to consummate its robbery of the Holy See by the suppression of the religious orders "in this our city," which is nothing short of a fresh assault on the liberty and independence of the supreme Pastor of the faithful, who has ever found in those communities his most powerful instruments for ruling the universal Church. For it is notorious to all the world that, as Rome is the centre of Christendom, so the religious houses and novitiates there established are the centre of religious life and energy for the whole Church. Thither come together pious spirits from all nations to renew their zeal, and there, under the shadow of the Apostolic See, the concerns of the religious orders throughout the world are arranged, and their superiors and office-bearers chosen. To plunder and suppress the mother-houses in Rome is therefore to plunder and suppress the orders they represent; it is not only a violation of individual rights, but of the international rights of all Catholic Christendom. And it is further a grave injury to the Holy See, to which the members of these communities supply information from the most remote quarters, and from which they learn how to confute false doctrine everywhere. And thus the true object of this nefarious scheme reveals itself clearly enough. Like the original seizure of

the patrimony of St. Peter, it is not, as was hypocritically pretended, simply a blow aimed at the temporal power, but a direct assault on the supreme apostolical office of the Papacy. No illusion on this point is any longer possible. A general crusade is being waged against religion, morality, and justice, as is exemplified in the suppression of charitable and educational institutions, the enforced conscription of youths training for the cloister or the altar, the unrestrained freedom of the pulpit and the press, the general licentiousness of manners, and the profanation of sacred persons and sacred images. Gladly, indeed, if he were only to consult his own feelings, would the Holy Father spare himself so bitter a chalice by retiring to a foreign land, where he need no longer witness abominations which he now daily weeps over, but is powerless to remedy. But the high responsibilities of his office constrain him to remain, and thus proclaim to the world the gravity of the crisis which has robbed him of his liberty and independence. It has been said, indeed, that he is personally free to come and go as he will; but that is not enough. He is not really free while his authority is subject to the caprice of the secular power, and at the mercy of political passion and partisanship. There can be no harmony between the rival powers of Church and State under such a system, and history is full of their conflicts whenever the Pope has even for a moment been subjected to the control of any alien authority. The only real guarantee for the harmony of the various and unequal States into which the world is divided lies in their common submission to the impartial fiat of the common father of them all, who stands above and independent of all. There is another matter, which lies as near the heart of the Holy Father as the integrity of the religious orders in Rome, and that is the absolute independence, both in fact and appearance, of the Sacred Congregations "which have to answer the questions of the whole Catholic world," and of the Sacred Conclave which elects the successors of St. Peter. It is of enormous importance that their freedom should be above the lightest breath of suspicion. The freedom of the Pope, who is their supreme judge in faith and morals, is a necessary condition of the freedom of all Catholics; and because he is not free, the faithful are now penetrated with anguish, and States are distressed by religious tumults. His Holiness proceeds to observe on the absurdity of talking at such a time of a reconciliation between the Papacy and the usurping Government. To dream of such a thing would be voluntarily to surrender the rights of the Holy See, to disturb the conscience of the faithful, to stop the preaching of truth, and, in a word, deliberately to sacrifice to the caprices of a Government the lofty mission which the Roman Pontificate has received direct from God. To such a humiliation Pius IX. will never bow; rather will he pour out his blood than betray the interests of his supreme apostolate. On the contrary, he will continue to set an example to the pastors of the Church who are fighting so hard a battle for the eternal principles of morality and justice.

In conclusion, the Pope has a word to say about "the so-called guarantees which the usurping Government has affected to offer to the head of the Church, for the obvious purpose of hoodwinking simple souls." Even the personal immunity of the Holy Father is a mere sham, for the Government lacks the power, if it has the will, to protect him from daily insult. And it is useless to leave open the doors of his palace when he cannot quit it without being publicly insulted and witnessing the most horrible spectacles of impiety, immorality, and violence; when the dignitaries and ministers of the Church are constantly exposed to outrage in the streets, and the solemn ceremonies of religion cannot be celebrated because they would be profaned. Still more illusory is the proclamation of his freedom in the discharge of his pastoral ministry, when the law interferes even with the administration of the sacraments, when the bishops he appoints are not acknowledged, and by an unprecedented injustice are deprived of their revenues, and even kept out of their palaces. They would be left, indeed, in utter destitution but for the piety of the faithful, which, as yet, has enabled the Pope to share his mite with them. The Cardinal Secretary is therefore directed to make known this lamentable state of things to the Governments accredited to the Holy See, and to protest solemnly in the Pope's name against the assaults, accomplished and threatened, on his Holiness and the whole of Catholic Christendom. It is the true interest, not only of Catholic but of non-Catholic States, to live at peace with the great Catholic family, and to maintain the real independence of its head, and they should remember that in maintaining the rights of the Roman Pontificate they are in fact defending their own. "They should remember that the Papal Throne, far from impeding the peace and welfare of Europe, or the greatness and independence of Italy, was always a bond of union between peoples and princes, and a common centre of harmony; for Italy especially it was the source of her true greatness, the safeguard of her independence, and the constant bulwark of her freedom."

Such is a condensed, but accurate, report of the lengthy document which, as being addressed, not to the Sacred College or the faithful generally, but specifically to the European Governments, both Catholic and Protestant, must be presumed to contain the matured statement of the Roman estimate of the situation, in the form considered best adapted to impress the public mind. Perhaps the first thought likely to occur to any one, with the last words about the relations of the Papacy to Italy fresh in his ears, would be that the Holy Father is somewhat sweeping, not to say indiscriminate, in his phraseology

*—facta, infecta refert.* A great many assertions of fact, particularly in the earlier part of the letter, will hardly be denied by any one familiar with Catholic affairs, though opinions may differ considerably as to the practical inferences to be deduced. And in one sense, no doubt, the Papacy may be said to have contributed much towards the greatness of Italy; it could hardly have been otherwise, at a time when the Papacy itself was the most effective and most conspicuous power in Europe. But it is a little startling to be assured, even if we confined ourselves to an historical retrospect, that it has always been the source and support of her liberty and independence; and the statement becomes still more perplexing to the uninitiated when it is taken to include—as the writer evidently intends it to include—the recent relations of Italy to the temporal power. On that side of the question we took occasion to say something last week, and we need not recur to it now. Nor do we care to enter here on a minute discussion of the precise details of alleged insult and outrage to Papal functionaries in the streets of Rome. The *Tablet* sees a signal confirmation of the charge in the recent acquittal by the Roman tribunals of a National Guard accused of murdering one of the Pontifical gendarmes, while other journals represent the Papal party as the sole aggressors in the fray. To such a dispute a looker-on may be content to say *transat*—neither law courts nor newspapers claim to be infallible. There is little new, however, in this part of the Papal indictment; it is rather to the bitter jeremiad over the suppression of religious orders and the anticipated interference with the freedom of the Conclave, that we turn for the explanation of this elaborate exposition of the present mind of the Curia. As to the latter point, we have already spoken of the right of veto, which clearly cannot be claimed on historical grounds by the Governments either of Germany or Italy. A writer in the *Allgemeine Zeitung* has lately argued that they nevertheless must and will insist on having a voice in the next election, in order to prevent the continuance of a state of things which places the 150,000,000 of the Roman Catholic Communion under the rule of an oligarchy of some thirty or forty Italian Cardinals, all pledged to the infallibilist dogma and to internecine war with Italy. He adds that there is no foreign Cardinal residing at Rome, except one German, who would have a right to take part in the Conclave. And of course, if the report may be relied on that Pius IX. has prepared a Brief suspending for the next election the prescribed interval of nine days before the Conclave assembles, and the preliminary ceremonies, that would practically leave the Italian electors complete masters of the situation. But it would hardly be safe to assume the truth of the report, though it is far from improbable, for Pius IX. is not a man to stick at trifles when it is a question between following precedent and carrying out his own cherished policy. And one or two precedents might be cited in favour even of so extreme an exercise of power, though the latest is just five centuries old; Pius VI. did indeed frame the rough draft of such an instrument in 1797, but it never got beyond that initial stage. It may further be questioned whether the Brief, if formally issued by the present Pope, would be acted on after his death by the Cardinals; and whether, if it were, the Catholic Governments would recognize the validity of their proceedings. Any surmises on such points must as yet be purely conjectural.

But when the Pope complains of the suppression of the mother-houses of religious orders in Rome, and of the various "Congregations" of Cardinals through which the administration of the Church is practically carried on, there can be no doubt that the grievance, from an Ultramontane point of view, is a very tangible and real one. In this part of his letter he has certainly not at all overstated the facts, though the argument might easily be turned the other way. The Act for the expulsion of the Jesuits which has just passed the German Parliament includes in its scope all kindred orders, the detailed application of the rule being left to the Executive. We cannot say what may have been the precise intention of the Imperial Chancellor in framing the decree, but the real distinction of the Jesuit and other modern orders from those anterior to the Council of Trent consists in their rigid hierarchical organization, under a supreme ruler resident in Rome, which is admirably adapted for purposes of administrative despotism. It is perfectly true that the Curia has always found in them its most effective instruments for manipulating the consciences and intellect of the faithful throughout the world. Elizabeth used to boast that she "tuned the pulpits" of the Established Church, and the Popes might boast with greater reason that, through the instrumentality of these great orders—Jesuits, Redemptorists, and the like—they have for centuries been able to tune both the pulpits and the confessionals of Roman Catholic Christendom. The formal work of Church government in matters of doctrine, discipline, and ritual is carried on through the medium of the various Roman Congregations set apart for the purpose, which, as the Papal circular expresses it, "have to answer the questions of the whole Catholic world," and to answer them, of course, under the direct inspiration of the Holy See, and in the most approved Roman sense. Any interference with the action of these Congregations would undoubtedly and very seriously hamper the working of the spiritual bureaucracy of the Curia. But it may be questioned whether to dissolve the intimate connexion hitherto subsisting between "the white Pope" and "the black Pope," as the Italians call them—between the Holy Father himself and the General of the Jesuits and other Generals of orders residing at Rome—would not be a still more fatal blow to the moral

power of the Papacy. The Jesuits especially, who were destined from the first to be the standing army of Rome, have often been described as "the Catholic Church gone into commission," and it is mainly through their influence, direct or indirect, that the Romanizing reaction has been so successfully accomplished in the post-Tridentine Church. And if the final result, summed up in the Vatican dogmas, is to be a permanent triumph, we can hardly be wrong in surmising that it must be achieved by the same instrumentality. Prophecies are always hazardous, but when the Pope perceives in the threatened suppression or reduction of the great religious communities which have their centre at Rome, and which ramify throughout the Catholic world, a grave menace to his supreme and infallible claims, those who have least confidence in his supernatural wisdom need not hesitate for once to agree with him.

#### LADY LECTURERS.

AMONG the many odd results which have sprung from what has been called the Modern Revolt, we may count the sudden outburst of lady lecturers as one of the oddest. Scarcely a week passes without our hearing of some strong-minded sister taking the chair at an indignation meeting, or appealing from a platform to a mixed audience against the villainess of men and the wrongs of women generally; while a few among them do not scruple to add indecency to folly, and to dabble in shamelessness to give flavour to their nonsense. Sometimes, by way of varying the *menu*, they go in for literature and æsthetics, and air their feminine conceptions of what poets and great men meant, as complacently as if they were saying something which the world really wanted to hear, and was the better for hearing; sometimes they give a quasi-dramatic reading, with more or less success as their education in elocution has been attended to or not; and sometimes they appear as religious teachers, and preach dogmatic theology with a considerable effusion of hysterical sentiment. Anyhow, they contrive to excite a good deal of attention in these latter times, and to make their voices, like the turtle-dove's, pretty well heard in the land.

With our views of what is called the woman's question, we cannot say that we regard the race of lady lecturers as a divinely appointed order. Setting aside for a moment the lingering prejudices which we still entertain about the reserve and modesty once held essential to the sex, we cannot concede that what most of these lecturers say deserves special attention from the world at large, or that their manner of saying it makes up, by the consummate perfection of its art, for the inherent weakness of their matter. Their arguments are generally superficial, and their line of reasoning narrow; their partisanship is one-sided; they are incapable of doing an opponent anything like justice. They deal largely with assumptions, and spin out logical conclusions from utterly unproved premises; committing the fault common with the dialectically untrained of stating sentiments as facts, and challenging categorical disproof of assertions which are essentially figments of their own brains, and never existed out of them. They tilt at wrongs that are about as real as the giants slain by Jack the valiant Cornishman; and when you press them for their authority, they say, grandly, Everybody knows; or, A gentleman of high respectability told me so. When they stand up and boldly maintain a foolish theory against all that statistics, Commissioners' Reports, and the like can bring against it, when they make sweeping assertions which your knowledge of human nature and the working of society tells you are utterly false, what can you say? Arguments, figures, indisputable proofs—whatever you like to bring as the besoms wherewith to sweep away the cobwebs of lady lecturers—are wholly inoperative, and your words fall as stones in the water, and with no more abiding result. If you think that your counter-argument will induce the lady lecturer to reconsider her telling points, you are mistaken. We are not too hard in saying that, as a rule, she lectures for partisanship, not for truth; she studies effect, not accuracy—at least when she is not primarily influenced by the prosaic aspect of the money question. There is almost always the desire of display dominating every other; and if we had to name the generic quality of the tribe, it would be vanity. Not that we object to a reasonable amount of vanity in a woman. It prevents her from sinking into a mere domestic drudge, which is one of the dangers she has to avoid; it keeps her up to the mark of pleasing by her wish for admiration. In a broad sense and with noble aims, we call it ambition among men, and we find it a serviceable quality; but the ambition of man is not the same thing as the personal vanity of a woman; and that desire for professional distinction and for doing the best work of its kind which characterizes the one sex is not the thirst for public display and notoriety which is the modern passion of the other.

The very dress and appearance of the lady lecturer nine times out of ten mark her purpose. One glides on to the platform as a picturesque pre-Raphaelite "study"; her drapery hanging in long straight folds over her feet, her golden hair carded into a fuzzy aureole about her head, her whole costume a capital model for an artist. She knows that her get-up is effective, and that every woman in the audience will envy her, while many will try to copy her; and she knows too that the men will admire her, and for the sake of her beauty be leniently disposed, or something more, to her logic. But if she were to tell you the absolute truth, she would confess that she regards lecturing as the best advertisement

for her beauty, and that, if she were snub-nosed and a fright, she would be far less earnest about woman's rights and wrongs than she is at present. Only she does not tell the truth, and she acts out her pretence to the last. Another wears her hair cut short and parted on the side like a man; like a man too she comes squarely to the front; her brief skirts, lapelled vest, uncompromising shirt-front and severe shirt-collar, are her protest against feminine vanities or the assistance to be derived from personal enchantment. She is of the kind which emulates men while scorning them; and, like the famous minister who set hymns and psalms and spiritual songs to dance music, on the plea that he did not see why the devil should have all the best tunes, she adopts in her own habits and person the characteristics of the sex she affects to despise and condemn. A third is a mere fashionable lady, beflowered and bejewelled to the last extreme of the mode. She puts her trust in "style," and thinks herself safe from rude critical handling if she shows herself got up as a *grande dame* should be. A fourth is feminine, refined, spiritual, with floating locks streaming back from her brow, and a certain kind of Fra Angelico look about her suggestive of saints and seraphs, and really very pretty; while a fifth does not hesitate to present herself a dowdy, indifferent to her personality as a woman, and only wishful for the plaudits which follow on successful intellectual endeavour. Her ambition is not to be a well-bred lady, or a beautiful picture, or even a semi-man, but a talking creature of no sex at all, a lecturer pure and simple. But whatever the line they take, what they are and how they look is that which chiefly interests them; and the kind of personality they display is not second in importance to the character of the doctrine they advocate.

In this personal self-consciousness lies the secret of woman's weakness as a lecturer, and the main difference between her and a man. No one thinks twice of what the lecturing man is like; how he wears his hair, and whether his shirt-fronts are plain or worked; we think only of what he says, and, as a matter of art, how he says it. But more than half the effect produced by women is due to their manner and appearance, their special physical type, and, above all, their taste in millinery. And their willfully ignoring this fact is perhaps the most wonderful bit of humbug among the many of which they are habitually guilty. They take care not to recognize the admiration which they excite, as part of the play; yet they know that, if they are pretty, men go to look vastly more than to listen, that it is the woman, not the lecturer, who attracts the crowds of applauding black coats. Even the one who is most keenly alive to her own beauty, and sets it off to greatest advantage, acts her little drama of unconsciousness with the rest; in which perhaps she is wise, if not quite sincere, securing for herself a retreat if need be. Yet if women could get rid of this self-consciousness, and of the affectation resulting from it, and if they would make it the first condition of lecturing to have something to say, there is no reason why they should not speak to an audience as well as write to one. But let them keep to their own subjects. Of these, dramatic effects and common-sense teaching to their own sex are the most promising. Many women are born actresses; and to give them a platform when the stage has been denied to them, and a reading as a substitute for a part, is to give them work exactly congenial to them, and a means of making money that carries no dishonour with it, though it may include no profit to the world at large. All that is wanted from them is to learn how to manage their voice, and to avoid vulgarisms of pronunciation; nature has done the rest; and there is no reason why, in the existing need of lucrative employment for portionless unmarried women, those who have dramatic power, and who are not on the stage, should not utilize their gifts in readings if they can get people to go and hear them. Again, educated women can teach their uneducated sisters many things which they ought to know; and a lecture may be better than a book, because more likely to reach the class to be instructed. But lessons on the best methods of managing children, on the higher arts of house-keeping, on cooking, hygienic observances, cleanliness, comfort, economy, and the like, though of supreme importance and usefulness, are just the things which lady lecturers despise; they prefer to talk political rubbish of the weakest description, which converts no one, rather than to give solid and enduring instruction, which would benefit many. And the simple reason why is, that the one is an occasion for display and the gratification of vanity; the other is unostentatious work, and has no incitement beyond its object. The truth is that, revolt against it as much as ambitious women may, all the best work done by women is unostentatious. We do not pretend to explain why this should be so; but the fact is plain enough. Every now and then some notable woman has come before the world and made her public mark—some Hypatia with her learned following, or, may be, only some half-crazed Joanna Southcote with her equally crazed supporters; but, as a rule, the more beneficent the action of women the more modest and secluded is its method, the more frothy and mischievous the more public and blatant. No one wishes to see the powers of women nullified or their lives rendered meagre and miserable for the sake of a prejudice; but neither do we care to see wasted on barren objects impulses and endeavours which have within them such large potentialities of good, if rightly applied, and for which there are so many channels, if only women would care to seek them. If the passion for lecturing possesses them, in Heaven's name let them lecture; but let them lecture to women on feminine subjects, teaching the

ignorant what it is well for them to know, and doing their work with that noble simplicity which of itself excludes both vanity and self-consciousness, and which seeks its reward in the good effected, not in the applause gained or in the admiration offered.

#### THE FIJI ISLANDS.

CONSIDERING that the annexation of the Fiji Islands by this country is pretty certain to take place some day, it may be interesting to observe what are the reasons which Mr. Gladstone has to urge against that step. He says in the first place that "we are groaning over the mass of work left undone"; and whether "we" means Parliament, Government, or the country, the statement is, or ought to be, entirely true. We are, he says, overwhelmed with, and totally unable to undertake, our own immediate responsibilities, and yet it is proposed that these responsibilities should be increased. It may be conceded to Mr. Gladstone that domestic legislation is greatly in arrear, and whether by the misfortune or the fault of himself and his colleagues need not at this moment be particularly inquired. But if the Government determined to annex Fiji, the necessary arrangements need not occupy any considerable time. The country could easily find a competent governor for a new colony, and supply him with an adequate force. The principles upon which he should govern would be manifest to himself, or, if they were not, the staff of the Colonial Office would be adequate to the composition of a despatch elucidating them. Mr. Gladstone says in substance that there are some things which the country, at least under his guidance, cannot do, and therefore it ought not to attempt other things which it clearly can do. But further, these islands already have a Government "which is endeavouring to organize itself in a sense favourable to civilization." This statement may be true, but nevertheless the endeavours after civilization may be only slowly and partially successful. His Majesty King Cacobau has doubtless instructed his Prime Minister, Mr. Weld, to offer to Earl Granville his co-operation with Her Britannic Majesty in regulating the labour traffic, and we may infer from this fact that pens, ink, and paper, and skill to use them are at the disposal of the Government which is endeavouring to organize itself in a sense favourable to civilization. But many actual, and more possible, inhabitants of Fiji think that the progress of civilization, which implies prosperity, would be more rapid if King Cacobau were neither a real King nor a puppet in the hands of some Englishman or American who has secured the manipulation of him. In other words, they would desire that he should make room for a representative of the Queen of England. There can be no doubt that if the European community in Fiji is properly fostered by this country it will grow into a colony having the same kind and perhaps an equal degree of value to England that Australia and New Zealand have. Many persons think that this value is great, and Mr. Gladstone is possibly among the number, although he does not declare his opinion as distinctly as could be desired. Of course there will be an annual bill, and Mr. Gladstone reminds the country of what it will not easily forget, that the bills for New Zealand were very heavy for many years. But if he means to suggest that the expense of governing Fiji is a sufficient reason for leaving it to govern itself, there are very few politicians even of his own party who would agree with him. The limits of the British Empire ought only to be extended with caution, and perhaps reluctance, but this generation is hardly prepared to hear that they must henceforward remain fixed until they begin to recede. Even the present Government has felt obliged to initiate in South Africa a process of enlargement which is almost certain to be continuous. When Mr. M<sup>r</sup>Arthur agrees with Mr. Disraeli, their unanimity deserves attention, and the Conservative leader uttered a widely popular sentiment when he declared that it is the duty of an English Minister "to respond to those distant sympathies which may become the sources of incalculable strength and happiness to this land." If Mr. Gladstone does not remain in office long enough to annex Fiji, his successor may be tempted to take a step which will be likely to benefit the country at the same time that it is advantageous to himself.

The only tangible reason alleged by Ministers against Mr. M<sup>r</sup>Arthur's motion was that the Fijians themselves had not manifested a desire for annexation. But if we are to understand that this desire, when expressed, will be gratified, we may safely leave the question without further discussion to settle itself. Mr. Knatchbull-Hugessen objects to the statement that Fiji is contiguous to New Zealand and Australia, from which countries it is, as he says, distant respectively 1,150 and 1,700 miles. But those who make this statement have an intelligible meaning, although they may not choose strictly accurate language to express it. The advantage of an advanced post in the Pacific is too evident to escape even the official mind, and it is also clear that unless a strong Government in Fiji co-operates with the exertions of our cruisers, no effectual control can be kept upon the "enterprise" of dealers in the labour market. To put this matter plainly, we must annex Fiji if we really desire to control the Polynesian slave trade. It is better to take those islands under our government than to "protect" and perpetually interfere with a Government which we profess to consider independent. The question of expense cannot, however, be left out of view. As Mr. Knatchbull-Hugessen puts it, "when speaking of philanthropy and the growth of cotton, the British taxpayer must not be entirely ignored." But the British taxpayer, voluntarily or otherwise, has already invested heavily in

the article called philanthropy, and he cannot now draw back from his bargain. Lord Belmore, as Governor of New South Wales, lately wrote a despatch in which he pressed on the Home Government the necessity for the constant presence of one or two ships of war in the South Sea Islands, "cost what it may." It is not alone "philanthropy" in a general sense that is concerned. The character of this country must suffer by the perpetration of outrages by its own subjects. The soil and climate of Fiji are suitable to the growth of cotton, for which Europe affords a profitable market. The only thing wanting is labour, and by fair means or foul the cotton-growers are certain to procure it. England must take care that only fair means are used. We hear much of the results, real or supposed, of missionary efforts in the South Sea Islands, and the very fact of these efforts being made obliges the country which makes them to maintain its own character for civilization and Christianity. Churchmen and Dissenters of all sorts who subscribe to Polynesian missions are interested in the preservation of law and order, because religion would have a very small chance without them. If Government refuses to annex Fiji on account of the expense, it would be worth while to collect money for this object in every church and chapel in the kingdom. We do not, of course, assume that the Government will refuse on this ground, although a Cabinet containing Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Lowe labours under strong suspicion of preferring economy to every other virtue that can help to make a nation great. We do not say that Fiji ought to be annexed, but we do say that we disapprove Mr. Gladstone's arguments against annexation. It is easy to complain of the cost of colonizing New Zealand, but if the intended inference is that New Zealand ought not to have been colonized, we repudiate it. This country did not attain greatness, and will not preserve it, by timidity and parsimony. Time was when we counted our posts in every part of the world as means of striking our enemies, but now they seem to be regarded only as affording objectionable opportunities of expending stores.

The Earl of Belmore has lately spoken from his own knowledge of the condition of the Pacific Islands, and the Government has admitted the necessity of strengthening our naval force which is employed in checking the outrages which he describes. Gross atrocities, he says, are being committed against the natives, although it is hoped that vessels belonging to Queensland are not implicated. There is difficulty in arriving at the exact truth. "Natives, even nominally Christians, are very unreliable." They tell stories of kidnapping which are false, and yet other stories of the same kind are true. It is clear that the labour traffic is liable to abuse, and it often develops itself into a slave trade of the worst description. It is almost equally clear that this traffic will not be effectually regulated until the Fiji Islands have been brought under our authority. Attempts will be made to control the importation of labour which will only partially succeed, and will embroil us with the Government from which Lord Kimberley now professes to expect assistance. Thus one more possession will be added to the British Empire. We hear so much at home of torpedoes and other contrivances for obliterating ships of war, that we are sometimes almost tempted to suppose that the British navy has ceased to exist. But in the South Pacific Ocean that navy is, and is likely long to continue, a reality. The strongest naval Power in those seas must necessarily be that which has the largest and richest colonies to form its base of operations. It really does appear probable that by the kind permission of Mr. Gladstone we may continue to be important people at the antipodes for some time longer. But of course we cannot maintain our position without expense, which however is likely to be well repaid. Still it may not after all prove necessary or expedient to annex Fiji. The question must be decided when it arises, and all we now ask is, that it may not be considered in the penny-wise and pound-foolish spirit. One thing is certain, that if Fiji requires to be supplied with a Government from without, we ought not to attempt to shuffle the burden of supplying it from ourselves to the colony of New South Wales. Some points of the case may be disputable, but upon this point we feel no doubt at all. The conduct of our Government has been utterly unworthy of a great nation. Whether or not Lord Palmerston would have undertaken to govern Fiji, we are quite sure that he would not have asked New South Wales to govern it for us.

#### HABITUAL DRUNKARDS.

THE Select Committee on Habitual Drunkards have composed a very remarkable Report. All the witnesses whom they have examined declare the inadequacy of the existing laws to check drunkenness, and the Committee infer that those laws should be made "more simple, uniform, and stringent." This, they say, is the more requisite because there is much evidence to show that in large towns and populous districts the great evil of drunkenness is on the increase, which may be "attributed in some measure to the higher wages and shortened hours of labour." The agriculturists do not get so drunk because they have less money and less time to spare. But we assume that, if the strike among them succeeds, they will be able and willing to imitate the example of the dwellers in great towns. Small fines and short imprisonments are useless. The moderate use of alcoholic liquors is unattended by any bad effects, but excess in ardent spirits is far more deleterious than in wine or beer. There is a very large amount of drunkenness among all classes and

both sexes which never becomes public nor is dealt with by the authorities. It is recommended that the fine of 5s. now imposed on drunkards should be raised to 40s. The fine should be recorded against the offender in a Drunkards' Register. After three convictions within twelve months, the magistrates should be empowered to require the offender to find a surety for sobriety and good conduct for a fixed period, and in default thereof, or in case the surety is forfeited by a fresh offence, to sentence the offender to a considerable period of detention in an "industrial reformatory for inebriates." It is further recommended that reformatories should be established for those who, "notwithstanding the plainest considerations of health, interest, and duty, are given over to habits of intemperance." These institutions are to be divided into two classes—one for those who can pay, and the other for those who cannot. The admission to these institutions would be either voluntary or by committal. "In either case the persons entering should not be allowed to leave, except under conditions to be laid down, and the power to prevent their leaving should be by law conferred on the manager."

Thus far we have carried our summary of this Report. It is impossible to proceed further without expressing the amazement and consternation which it produces. There is not the slightest prospect that any such proposal will ever be adopted, but the fact is sufficiently serious that a body of fifteen gentlemen of ordinary knowledge and understanding could bring it forward. It involves, among other consequences, an enormous extension of the powers which the law confers of dealing with persons who are alleged to be of unsound mind. Let us remember the cases arising out of the exercise of these powers, which have occupied the courts of law during the last few years. Let us remember also the novels in which Mr. Charles Reade has described, partly from reality and partly from imagination, the outrages that have been practised upon persons wrongly immured in madhouses. It is not the least alarming feature in cases of this kind that oppression has been practised from the highest motives, and with a firm belief that all that was done was for the patient's good. There would be needed for the carrying out of this proposal a vast quantity of buildings, and a numerous army of inspectors, who, although they would make inspections of "a very stringent character," would not, we may be sure, be able to prevent monstrous abuses. Besides the power of commitment to be given as already mentioned to magistrates, there would be inquiries before Courts "established under proper safeguards," and on proof that a person cited is "unable to control himself and incapable of managing his affairs, or that his habits are such as to render him dangerous to himself or others, and that this arises from abuse of alcoholic drinks or sedatives, such person might be committed by the Court to a reformatory." A vision arises before our minds of the Alliance raising a fund of 100,000*l.* to pay the costs of proceedings against habitual drunkards under these provisions. Zealots would doubtless argue that if a man were a drunkard a reformatory would do him good, and that if he were a sober man who had been put in by mistake it would do him no harm. The sellers of liquor against whom so much legislative persecution has been proposed would be subjected under this Report to a new and particularly burdensome liability. Provisions similar to those applied to Habitual Criminals by a recent Act would be made applicable to Habitual Drunkards. "This will be facilitated by the keeping of a Drunkards' Register, and by providing a form of notice to be served on a liquor-seller by the relations of the drunkard or by order of a magistrate." It is not explained how a liquor-seller is to know that a person named in such a notice stands at his bar. But probably the author of this Report would not scruple to propose that habitual drunkards should be labelled. There is no country in Europe, or perhaps in the world, where irresponsible tyranny is carried further than it might be under this Report. We can offer no more emphatic protest against the proposal than by referring to a recent declaration of the Bishop of Peterborough, that if he must choose between England free and England sober, he would prefer that England should be free. The only qualification of the stringency of the proposal would be the enormous and unmanageable number of the victims of it. As wages rise and hours of work are shortened, workmen take to drinking and are put under restraint. Thus the number of workmen diminishes and their wages rise still further, and so on until all the inhabitants of towns are locked up, while the more sober dwellers in the country have to act as gaolers.

A paragraph laudatory of the Chairman is, we believe, a novel feature of a Parliamentary Report. The Committee desire to acknowledge the valuable aid afforded by him in the investigation of the subject referred to them. He personally undertook during the recess a special voyage to the United States for the purpose of inquiring into the conduct of inebriate asylums, and he has volunteered his evidence to the Committee, as we believe the authors of legislative projects commonly do. The House of Commons cannot get through its real business, but there is always time and opportunity for any quantity of pretended business to be performed in Committees. If Mr. Dalrymple were not a member of Parliament, he might be reduced to writing a book, but he avails himself of his privilege to obtain the ventilation of his pet crotchet at the national expense. He keeps his hobby-horse out of the taxes. We have before us at present only the Report of his Committee, but a blue-book of evidence will follow in due course, and the newspapers will comment on it during the recess. Next Session there will doubtless be a Bill founded on the Report

which will occupy the House of Commons on Wednesdays until Government has decided upon the most inoffensive method of quashing a ridiculous proposal. There is just one line of this Report that we approve. "Watchful inspection over the purity of liquor sold" can hardly be carried too far in theory, but in practice the word "purity" suggests endless difficulties. The authors of this Report have not, however, taken the trouble to put their recommendations into a shape which might be satisfactory to a legal critic. We cannot forget statements which have been lately published as to the "purity" of wine. It would be easy to draw a Bill under which the entire stock of champagne in the grand stand of a racecourse might be seized, condemned, and destroyed as impure. Indeed such a Bill might be so worked that the stock of beer, wine, and spirits in the kingdom would be largely reduced. The Report does not even stop at the furthest point of condemnation to which a test of purity might be carried. It states that the deleterious character of whisky often arises from its being new and raw. We are by this time prepared for anything, and a proposal for condemning all new and raw whisky would not surprise us. We could probably have supplied the Committee with evidence tending to show that people who mix their liquors get drunk much sooner than those who keep to a single tap; and such a statement, duly formulated in a Report, might serve to found a Bill providing that after dinner every person should declare his election between port and claret. It is remarkable that this new variety of fanatics are strongly opposed to the Alliance. We had forgotten another line of the Report which may claim our unqualified approval. "The moderate use of alcoholic liquors is unattended by any bad effects"; but still their immoderate use would be attended, under the Report, by the disagreeable effect of imprisonment. It appears that Mr. Dalrymple has written a full account of the visit which he so kindly made to the United States, and a member of the Committee laid the whole of this account before it in the form of a draft Report. The Committee, however, seem to have felt that the adoption of this draft would be rather too much, so the Chairman's composition is only printed in small type. He shows amid his fanaticism occasional gleams of common sense. Thus he quotes the opinion of a law officer of Canada, who said to him, "Whatever you do in shutting up your public-houses, take care you do not drive your people to spirits." He confirms other witnesses in stating that the Maine Liquor Law is habitually evaded. He quotes some examples of the sort of system which he wishes to introduce here. In Pennsylvania commissions of inquiry are issued against drunkards, just as in cases of alleged lunacy among ourselves. If a man is found to be an habitual drunkard, he may be confined in an asylum, or in prison if refractory. "The asylum authorities have as much power over him as a warder over a convict in a penitentiary." The startling proposal that a man who enters an inebriate asylum voluntarily should be detained involuntarily, originates, like many other strange things, in America. Magistrates inflict fines for drunkenness in the United States, and they pay themselves fees out of the fines, which practice is obviously liable to abuse. The authors of the Report insist that drunkenness produced by beer is less prolific in crime than that produced by spirit; and this opinion appears to be entertained in some parts of America, where the sale of beer and cider is permitted, while that of spirits is forbidden. This Report is grotesque, and its conclusions are amazing, but nevertheless its authors may be useful by encountering the fanatics of the Alliance with a zeal equal to their own. Mr. Dalrymple is entitled to the credit of having, by his extravagant absurdity, introduced an element of mirth into a dreary controversy.

#### THE ITALIAN OPERAS.

SINCE our last notice of the two Italian operas but very little in the way of novelty has been produced. We have had some singers hitherto unknown to this country, and among them, at Drury Lane, two of more than ordinary promise. These are Signor Campanini, a tenor, and Signor Rota, a barytone-bass. Mr. Gye's French Canadian soprano, Madlle. Emma Albani, whose real name is Lajeunesse, but who assumed the professional title of "Albani" in remembrance of the city in which not long since she made her first public appearance, has already been referred to. Other new comers have been heard, as for example, Madlles. Marie Roze and Carlotta Grossi, at Drury Lane, Madlle. Marianne Brandt, Madame Saar, and Herr Köhler, at Covent Garden. What they have done up to this moment may be speedily told. Madlle. Marie Roze, in one or two of Auber's works at the French Opéra Comique, and especially in the *Premier Jour de Bonheur*, the deceased composer's penultimate opera, earned for herself a reputation which she afterwards seriously imperilled at the great theatre in the Rue Lepelletier, where she made her *début* as Margaret in M. Gounod's *Faust*. This lady does not possess the physical requisites for the Grand Opera; nor is Margaret a character suited to her means. She selected it nevertheless for her first essay before a London audience, and though, on the whole, well received, she created no deeper impression than she had created with the same part in Paris. She simply added one more to the list of demi-failures in a character which, oddly enough, almost every young lady, no matter what her natural gifts and artistic culture, imagines she can play, till experience has taught

her the contrary. We by no means insinuate that Madlle. Roze is the least meritorious of those aspirants who fall more or less short of M. Gounod's ideal in his musical presentation of Goethe's heroine. On the contrary, she is superior to many who have striven like her, and striven vainly. She is a more than tolerable actress, but has not the power of exhibiting deep emotion. After a way of her own, she is, moreover, a clever vocalist, with a certain command of expression; but her voice, imperfectly trained, is not naturally flexible. Thus the so-called "Jewel-song" in the garden scene of *Faust*, generally the show-piece of singers whose voices possess flexibility, is precisely that which exhibits the shortcomings of Madlle. Roze to disadvantage. She cannot execute the shake and scale which lead up to the theme, with the required facility and evenness. Madlle. Roze has appeared in nothing else of importance, the Italian version of Auber's *Diamans de la Couronne*, under the name of *La Caterina*, in which the Prospectus assigns to her the part of Diana, having, even thus late in the season, given no sign; and, indeed, we are inclined to doubt whether it will be produced. Nor has *Der Freischütz*, in which she was cast for Annchen (Annetta), a soubrette just in her line, been even put into rehearsal. Madlle. Roze, however, has made herself useful by strengthening the cast of Cherubini's *Deux Journées*, about the production of which masterpiece we shall have a word or two to say further on. Meanwhile, if she can be persuaded to work for the general good, and not look to what, in conventional phrase, is denominated "first business," she may be welcomed as an acquisition of value. Madlle. Carlotta Grossi, who, despite her name, is German *pur sang*, has only appeared once—at a performance of the *Huguenots*, in which she sustained the part of Marguerite de Valois. Madlle. Grossi is very young, has a fine soprano voice of wide compass, and great vigour of delivery. Her voice, nevertheless, is as yet but a rough diamond, which needs polishing to make its worth evident. She gave much of her music well, portions of it in a less satisfactory manner. On the whole she met with a very warm reception, her handsome appearance, graceful attitudes, and generally dignified deportment (to say nothing of her youth) exercising a manifest influence. Madlle. Grossi's career will be watched with interest.

The new tenor, Signor Campanini, created an extraordinary impression on the night of his first appearance, when he played Gennaro, to the Lucrezia Borgia of Madlle. Tietjens, and the Alphonso of Signor Rota (another stranger). Signor Campanini, whose name did not figure in the prospectus, was an afterthought of Mr. Mapleson's, and turned out a lucky one; for, though we may not be able to rate him altogether so highly as he is rated, for the most part, by our contemporaries, there can be no question that he has hit the public taste, has been a real attraction and a considerable aid to the fortunes of the season. In our opinion, Signor Campanini's voice, musical and telling as it is, wants, to render it as penetrating as it is agreeable, a touch of that "ringing," "metallic" quality which musicians so much admire. Signor Campanini is already versed in all that relates to the art of phrasing, and yet he would be the better for a little more decision of accent. What he lacks, so far as we are competent to judge, is flexibility. He has little or none of what Italian professors suggestively call "*agilità*"—of which Mario was so incomparable a master. Thus his florid singing generally, and his execution of *gruppetti* in particular, is seldom satisfying. He declaims, however, with genuine expression; never tortures his phrases by spinning them out indefinitely; is free from exaggeration and affected sentiment; free also from the so-called "*tremolo*," a prevalent vice with the actual race of singers; a complete adept in *mezza voce* singing; and, last not least, his intonation is rarely at fault. Then, apart from his qualities as a vocalist, Signor Campanini has an excellent stage presence; is manly in bearing, graceful in gesture, and, for one of no matured experience, shows more than common intelligence as a comedian. Since his *début*, a success beyond the reach of cavil, he has sung better on some occasions than on others. Up to this time we cannot but regard his first part, Gennaro, as his best. Yet in the *Trovatore* he evoked the sympathies of the audience by an eloquent delivery of the address to Leonora ("Ah! sì, ben mio"), and heightened the impression by the enthusiasm which he threw into its vigorous sequel, "Di quella pira." This last, as the phrase is, "drew down the house," and the curtain fell on a second triumph for the new tenor. Neither in *Lucia di Lammermoor*, as Edgardo, nor in *Rigoletto*, as the Duke of Mantua, although much in both may fairly be eulogized, was Signor Campanini so entirely at ease. Upon what he may eventually become it would be fruitless to speculate. Our own conviction is that, if he does not attain a high rank in his profession—the highest is, we think, beyond his reach—it will be his own fault exclusively. He is gifted with exceptional means, and must learn to make the best of them; he has met with more than ordinary encouragement, and should endeavour to demonstrate his sense of it. If earnest and industrious, he can hardly miss the mark; if neither, so much the worse. In the dearth of good operatic tenors, one so endowed is naturally looked after with anxiety; and all opera-goers must wish that Signor Campanini may reach the *ultima thule* of his ambition, not more for his sake than for their own. Signor Rota, "from the Imperial Opera, St. Petersburg," is a barytone-bass of real distinction. He has the same drawback as Signor Foli, being somewhat too tall for stage-effect; otherwise he possesses most of the requisite qualifications. His voice is telling and of good quality; he sings well, in spite of an occasional addition to that obnoxious "*tremolo*," the plague of modern

times; his presence is imposing, and he is thoroughly up in the business of the stage. Signor Rota's first appearance was as Duke Alphonso, when Signor Campanini came out; and though he created a marked effect, particularly in the duet (with Lucrezia), and trio (with Lucrezia and Gennaro), two conspicuous features of the second act, in the general summing up he was almost forgotten, so absorbed had the audience been with the new tenor, who, in "Di pescatore," the trio of the poisoned cup, the duet of the antidote, and the death scene of Gennaro, pleased beyond measure. In his next parts, however—Antonio (*Linda di Chamouni*), and Mephistopheles (*Faust*)—Signor Rota took ample revenge, and was at once recognized as an artist of superior pretensions. We no longer possess a Tamburini, or a Ronconi; and Mr. Santley having, for the present at least, abandoned the Italian opera, it may be said that there is no Antonio now at hand to be compared with Signor Rota, who in the scene where the old peasant rejects the proffered alms of his daughter, which he imagines to be the price of her dishonour, exhibits a dramatic power beyond the common. As Mephistopheles Signor Rota reminds us occasionally of M. Faure, whose impersonation, if he does not absolutely equal, he fairly emulates. The reading is exactly similar; we have the mocking fiend, blended with the would-be courteous gentleman, which M. Faure portrays in such perfection.

We may add to the list of Mr. Mapleson's new comers the young American *prima donna*, Miss Clara Louisa Kellogg; for, while not unknown to us, she has been some four or five years absent. Miss Kellogg, who raised great hopes when she first appeared at Her Majesty's Theatre, has more than justified them, and is now a real artist. This was apparent in her *Linda di Chamouni*, and in her *Lucia*, the first two characters assigned to her, both of which she had essayed in London previously. Still more was it apparent in her *Gilda (Rigoletto)*, a performance alike clever and replete with charm. Miss Kellogg is welcome back, and will be always welcome, because she is earnest, and does not choose to halt, as if she believed that she had already reached the goal. If she continues to advance as she has hitherto advanced, great things may confidently be expected of her.

About Mr. Gye's new singers, with the single exception of Madlle. Emma Albani, there is little to say. Madlle. Albani has appeared in the *Sonnambula*, *Lucia*, *Martha*, *Rigoletto*, and *Linda di Chamouni*. She is more than carrying out the promise of her *début*. Extremely young, with a prepossessing exterior, a sweet and sympathetic if not powerful voice, especially agreeable and soft in the higher range of notes, a command of the *mezza voce* rare in beginners, endowed with grace and intelligence, if with no dramatic force, Madlle. Albani has a career before her. Further than this we have nothing to add at present, unless it be that the new comer has won the sympathies of Mr. Gye's subscribers, and is invariably received with the utmost cordiality. That Madlle. Albani has a good deal to learn is undeniable; but, young as she is, she has not contracted any of those vicious habits that might interfere with her future advance. It is long since the director of the Royal Italian Opera has made an acquisition of more promise. About Mr. Gye's new German singers a word will suffice. They have been brought forward now and then, but with comparatively insignificant results. Madlle. Brandt played *Fidelio*, in one of the very worst conceivable performances of Beethoven's opera. Orchestra, chorus, and principals were alike objectionable. But, as Wagner's *Lohengrin*, after all the talk about it, and all the self-sacrifice to which Mr. Gye refers in his prospectus, is *not* to be given, we need say no more of the singers announced to take part in that remarkable work—one of whom, Madlle. Emmy Zimmermann, who was to play Elsa, having not even put in an appearance. In the absence of *Lohengrin* we are destined to find consolation in *Il Guarany*, the fantastic opera by a young Brazilian composer, Carlo Gomez, which has had a certain success with what Mr. Gye terms "the critical audience of the Scala at Milan." Let us hope the consolation may be complete.

What works have been given since our last article on the Italian Operas may be left to the imagination of our readers, who will find enough to guide them in the foregoing remarks, and in what remains to be said about the leading *prime donne* at either theatre. Madame Adelina Patti, at Covent Garden, has been going through a series of characters in which she is so well known and appreciated that to find a new word to say about any one of them would be difficult if not impossible. Abandoning three of her favourite parts (*Amina*, *Lucia*, and *Martha*), for a time at least, to Madlle. Albani, Madame Patti has played *Dinorah*, *Rosina*, *Zerlina (Don Giovanni)*, *Catarina (L'Étoile du Nord)*, and *Leonora (Il Trovatore)*, besides the heroine in Prince Poniatowski's opera—a sort of pendant to the *Esmeralda* of Signor Campana, which she introduced two years ago as a special means of exhibiting her own accomplishments. *Esmeralda* was performed some three nights at the most. *Gelmina* has been given twice, and despite Madame Patti's brilliant *vaire*, and painful death-scene—painful on account of its too closely realistic truth—has gone the way of all things which do not possess the elements of vitality. It would be waste of time and space to describe such an opera in detail. The libretto is absurd, and as monstrous as it is absurd; while the music consists chiefly of shreds and patches, without a spark of originality, or anything in the setting forth to atone for the want of it. Bouquets were thrown to Madame Patti, in profusion, it is true; plaudits and "recalls" were as frequent as any *prima donna* could desire; and

the composer was brought forward twice by Madame Patti, after the fall of the curtain. The intrinsic value of such demonstrations, however, is too well known in these times, when applause is bestowed upon everybody, bouquets thrown to everybody, and "recalls" awarded to everybody, no matter what the occasion or how such honours may have been merited. That Madame Patti still holds, and is likely to hold, her place at Covent Garden so long as it pleases her, being, in her line, as singer and actress, without a superior, we willingly admit. It may be said, in strict truth, that she improves year by year—which means that she is ever more and more zealously studying her art. But she cannot be fairly complimented on her taste in the choice of new operas to be imposed upon the management of the theatre at which she is engaged. In *Esmeralda* there were, at any rate, two female characters; but in *Gelmina* there is one only, with not even a subordinate to help the matter out; and though that one female character is supported by Madame Patti, the want of a trifle more of the gentle element is not the less felt. Enough, however, about *Gelmina*. Let us trust that Madame Patti will be better advised in her next recommendation of an opera to her director.

Madame Pauline Lucca, Mr. Gye's other great "first lady," and Madame Patti's only rival, has equally been limited to a series of characters in which she is seen and heard over and over again—such, for example, as *Zerlina (Fra Diavolo)*, *Valentine (the Huguenots)*, *Leonora (the Favorita)*, *Cherubino (Le Nozze di Figaro)*, *Selika (L'Africaine)*, and *Margaret (Faust e Marguerita)*. To these she has been allowed to add *Pamina (Il Flauto Magico)*, in which she has no great chance of distinction in her peculiar way, and *Agatha*, in *Der Freischütz* (with M. Faure, as Caspar), in which, fortunately, she has several chances of distinction, of every one of which she avails herself. We cannot remember, often as we have heard Weber's most characteristic opera, any representation of the part, all its requirements taken into consideration, more original, more full of genuine sentiment, and more complete than the *Agatha* of Madame Lucca. It is a creation of the rarest type. Madame Lucca has every essential, it is true. She looks the character to perfection; her voice enables her to give all effect to the music, and her dramatic genius stands her equally in good stead. She is so much the *Agatha* of the poet and the *Agatha* of the composer, that she rivets attention from the commencement of her first scene to the termination of her last. Her delivery of the *scena* in Act II., where *Agatha* awaits the return of her lover, is a striking example of musical declamation, and the enthusiasm it excites is fully accounted for. In this, the only opportunity accorded to Madame Lucca of earning fresh laurels during the season, she has earned them, and legitimately.

What can be said about Madlle. Christine Nilsson, except that she is engaged by Mr. Mapleson for twelve representations, that she has already appeared seven times, that the characters she has hitherto assumed are *Violetta (La Traviata)*, *Marguerite (Faust)*, and *Lucia*, and that to-night she is to treat us with another novelty, in the shape of *Martha*? Madlle. Nilsson's two years in America, we may add, have not exactly improved either her voice or her style. The voice is still exquisite (it could never be otherwise); the vocalization is still for the most part admirable; but she has partially thrown off that quiet grace which, mistaken of old, by certain critics, for coldness, was in her an inherent and abiding charm. She seems now bent upon being highly dramatic, which is foreign to her nature. Perhaps this may wear off, and Madlle. Nilsson may again return to her old enchanting ways, again attract every spectator by her unobtrusive manner, and every hearer by those soft and dulcet tones, which used to come from her throat as from the throat of a bird—unpremeditated as irresistible. That Madlle. Nilsson is always the accomplished artist none can deny; but there is a something gone from her that was wont to fascinate by its simple unaffectedness, and that we, and all her admirers, would like to see brought back again. She is now prone to overdo expression, whereas formerly everything came quite naturally, and she could conquer with a look, a smile, or a tone. Each of the three parts she has assumed this year left upon us the impression to which we refer—not so vividly, perhaps, *Lucia* as the others, but still in a great measure even *Lucia*. We had hoped to see the gifted songstress in some new character; but we are doomed to disappointment. Not only is she to play no new character, but we are not even to witness again her impersonations of *Desdemona (Otello)* and *Mignon*, in M. Ambroise Thomas's opera so-called. We presume there is no help for it, or assuredly, if for his own interests alone, the director of Her Majesty's Opera would have again introduced Madlle. Nilsson in one or both. As it happens, the public must rest satisfied with four or five works so often heard that even such an exceptional artist cannot put a fresh bloom upon them. No one particularly wanted *Hamlet* (the last scene excepted); but many longed for *Otello*, and at least as many for *Mignon*.

*Proh pudor!* The *Deux Journées* of Cherubini, one of the greatest masterpieces of one of the greatest of masters—though never before produced in this *soi-disant* music-loving country as the composer wrote it, though got up with exemplary care by Sir Michael Costa, who has set the spoken dialogue to accompanied recitative in a manner that Cherubini himself would not have disowned; though every part was well played, from that of Madlle. Tietjens to the lowest in the cast, and though the orchestra and chorus were irreproachable, was, in so far as the substantial interests of the theatre are concerned, a *fiasco*. The house, at the first representation (the only representation, indeed, no second

being announced) was about three parts filled; and as a very large proportion of the audience consisted of musical professors, we need scarcely say that, take it for all in all, that audience was not absolutely a "paying" audience. There was a good gallery, of course; and had there been such a thing as a pit, there would have been a good pit; for pit and gallery have a real love of art—as may be remembered time out of mind; but boxes and stalls for the most part only look upon the Opera as a lounge, and if their occupants are compelled to listen attentively to anything more than the favourite airs of soprano or tenor, regard the whole thing as more or less of a bore. The fact is that Italian opera ways, and Italian opera prices, leave good music, unless under peculiarly exceptional circumstances which need not be particularized, out of the question. In former times Italian opera was a luxury for the Lord Mount Edgecombe class of amateurs; and it must be admitted that the class stood up manfully for what it considered to be good music, and even raised objections to the then coming man, Rossini, because his orchestration was so full as to drown the voices of the singers. At all events, right or wrong, this class of amateurs was earnest in its convictions. Now, for a long time past, Italian opera has not been food for men, but food for children; and so pure and beautiful a thing as Cherubini's opera, with so simple and blameless a libretto, is voted dull, and none of the fashionable world can be persuaded to go and see it. Thus the manager has no alternative but to withdraw the work. Under these circumstances we shall not give ourselves the trouble to describe it. Enough that the Italian Opera season of 1872 will be remembered for two signal failures—*Gelmina* and *Les Deux Journées*. Happily they cannot be classed together as "arcades ambo."

## REVIEWS.

### REEVE'S ROYAL AND REPUBLICAN FRANCE.\*

MR. REEVE, like several other people, has thought good to reprint his Essays in a book. His motive for so doing is, by his own account, a praiseworthy one. He has studied and thought much about the French Revolution, and he thinks that "the results of the French Revolution are a palpable demonstration" of certain truths, and that it is "important to lay to heart certain irresistible lessons." We gather that, had not Mr. Reeve stepped in, these palpable demonstrations and irresistible lessons were likely to have faded away from men's minds; for he tells us that he has "ventured to collect and republish these chapters of the history of France, before they are entirely forgotten." The essays themselves, we gather from another part of Mr. Reeve's preface, were originally suggested by "occasions and incidents," and these occasions and incidents were "diverse and multifarious." But, diverse and multifarious as they were, the essays "have not the less a common purpose." We confess that, after reading through Mr. Reeve's two volumes, we do not quite see the common purpose; though we dare say this is our own fault. But it is plain that Mr. Reeve has been stirred up at sundry times and in divers manners to write about the French Revolution and about other things before and since the French Revolution. And of the divers manners in which Mr. Reeve writes the latest is not the best. In the preface and during a large part of the second volume he is very angry. We are far from blaming him for his anger. When a man has to write about such things as some of the doings of the Communists in Paris, he does well to be angry. But, as a rule, a man who writes when he is angry, even when he does well by being so, will not write much that is likely to be worth the keeping. At any rate, in order to do so, he must be something else besides being angry. Many an angry man has written with great eloquence; some angry men have even lighted on new truths and new views of things. But Mr. Reeve is simply angry and nothing else. Instead of stirring him up to anything like eloquence, his anger stirs him up only to a further use of those big, unmeaning, Latinized words whose use half-educated people take for grand writing. As for new truths and new views, we feel as strongly as Mr. Reeve about the murder of the Archbishop and the hostages; but though Mr. Reeve seems to think that, without him, all these chapters of French history would soon have been "entirely forgotten," we somehow think that we could have managed to remember them even without the help of Mr. Reeve. Much of his writing comes under the head of things which are true, but not new. But statements of this respectable, if not very enlivening, class are mixed up with a good many which are new, but not true. Mr. Reeve is specially unlucky when he puts on the mantle of the prophet. Some perhaps may remember what, we believe, has been his highest flight of political sagacity. When he published his translation of De Tocqueville in the midst of the American war, he wound up his preface in a stately and emphatic manner which few could rival, with the assurance that "the destinies of the American people would be fulfilled." This prediction had the great advantage that it could not help coming true, whatever might be the result of the civil war. Mr. Reeve, emboldened perhaps by this undoubted success, ventured afterwards on a prediction about the destinies of the French people which

was somewhat more definite, and therefore, as it happened, somewhat less lucky. Mr. Reeve, writing in January 1871, spoke as follows:—

In spite, however, of all that is past, France has still the moral energy to carry on this great contest for national independence. Victory is the prize of those who can make war longest; and if aught of her ancient spirit remains, she will not treat as long as a stranger treads her soil.

Now all the world knows that France did treat while the stranger trod her soil, and that now, a year and some months after she treated, the stranger is treading her soil still. The alternatives are two. Either Mr. Reeve was altogether mistaken in his ideas of what was going to happen, or else what did happen proved that nought of the ancient spirit of France—whatever that may be—remained. Mr. Reeve had his choice either to strike the passage out or to accept either of these alternatives. The first course would have been hard; the passage has a ring of the heroic style about it which would have made any writer unwilling to draw his pen through it. And of the remaining alternatives both must have been very unpleasant. Still it would have been better to accept either of them than to go floundering about through the mass of words in which Mr. Reeve does his best to prove two things, but naturally proves neither:—

I am aware that the concluding lines of the foregoing essay were thought at the time to express a hope which subsequent events did not justify, and which, even when it was published, could not be justified. But although France might doubtless have obtained somewhat easier terms of peace from her invaders after the capitulation of Sedan, if the Government of the Emperor Napoleon had not been overthrown by the revolution of the 4th of September, yet I confess that I am still one of those who hold that the effort made by France to carry on the war for five months longer, though the result was disastrous, is the one fact which in some degree redeems the honour of the nation. She displayed at least a certain amount of moral energy and physical vigour in that part of the contest; not enough to save her from defeat, but enough to wipe out a portion of the stain on her national character and her honour. This was the sentiment which dictated the concluding lines of this essay; and the reluctance with which she was brought to submit to an oppressive and humiliating peace was the last proof she could give that something of her long greatness still remained in the hearts of her people. I therefore leave the expression unchanged.

This brings us back to the fact that this passage, like several others, is an old friend at which we had our laugh in times past, when it appeared in its former state of being in the *Edinburgh Review*. We therefore looked specially for one or two of the most wonderful passages in the wonderful essay—the last but one, that headed "France in 1870"—from which we have just made an extract. We will for a moment borrow some of the flowers of Mr. Reeve's rhetoric. Mr. Reeve says, "Ere we conclude, we cannot but express the profound sorrow with which we witness even the momentary eclipse of the brightest planet in our system" (il. 303). The brightest planet in Mr. Reeve's system seems to be France, and the whole sentence, when done into English, seems to mean that Mr. Reeve is very sorry at the overthrow of France by Germany. But the bright planets, or rather comets, the brilliant flashes which mark the somewhat erratic course of Mr. Reeve through the paths of history and politics, have none of them suffered even a momentary eclipse. He still likens the institutions of Sparta and those of Prussia on the ground of "the authority of the Kings" in each country. We believe that we asked before, but we ask again, Will Mr. Reeve be good enough to tell us the name of the Emperor William's colleague, or what body there is in Prussia which has power to put him in prison? We are still told that in arts as well as in arms, in literature, scientific research, and so forth, Germany is no more worthy to be named beside France "than the Macedonians were to rival the glory of Athens." King Philip indeed may pass for a Macedonian Moltke and a Macedonian Bismarck in one, but we ask again for a Macedonian Leibnitz, a Macedonian Goethe, a Macedonian Grimm. When we remember the strange havoc which Mr. Reeve, in translating De Tocqueville, made of the English and French languages, we are tempted to ask whether he understands the German language at all. At any rate his knowledge of German literature and learning must be about on a level with his knowledge of the New Testament. Mr. Reeve, speaking of those who bring wholesale charges of immorality and irreligion against the French people, draws a very proper distinction between different classes. He speaks up—as far as our knowledge goes, with perfect truth—on behalf of "the great mass of the rural population in France." But then he adds, "we hold very cheap the pretensions of those who thank God they are not as those Sadducees." We presume then that, as Mr. Reeve has found out some otherwise unknown likeness in government and literature between Macedonia and Prussia, he has also found out some equally unexpected points of likeness between Sadducees and Publicans.

These remembrances of Mr. Reeve's essays in their earlier state of being bring us to another point. Mr. Reeve has nowhere taken the trouble to give his writings that degree of polish and correction which is needed in turning an article in a periodical work even of the highest class into an essay which is to form a chapter in a permanent book. In periodical writing it is almost impossible to avoid a certain *talkee-talkee*—if we may borrow a phrase from an intelligent savage—about the writer and the reader and the article itself, how "space fails," and all the rest. A good writer, even in a newspaper, avoids this kind of thing as much as possible, but perhaps no one can get rid of it altogether, even in a quarterly review. But in a book this kind of thing is intolerable. Now in Mr. Reeve this fashion is more offensive than in any other writer that we can remember. We cannot turn over an essay of Mr. Reeve's without meeting at every

\* *Royal and Republican France. A Series of Essays* reprinted from the "Edinburgh," "Quarterly," and "British and Foreign Reviews." By Henry Reeve. 2 vols. London: Longmans & Co. 1872.

step such phrases as these—"Our limits forbid us to enter at length," "We are unwilling to deviate from the more precise object of these pages," "We cannot ask our readers to accompany us through the technical details of Mollien's operations." Or again, we are told that certain letters from De Tocqueville to Sir George Lewis "are of extreme interest, but their length forbids us to quote them here." On this last occasion Mr. Reeve "confines himself to one observation." But the following passage, which lets us behind the curtain and gives us the privilege of seeing Mr. Reeve in the very act of making an article for the *Edinburgh Review*, is the very gem of its own class:—

We had already written these remarks, when it occurred to us to turn to a half-forgotten passage in which M. de Tocqueville has described with his wonted sagacity the same distinction, and traced its consequences. The page [sic] is so remarkable, and so apposite to the present state of things in France, that at the risk of forfeiting our own credit for originality we transcribe it.

It would certainly not have come into our heads to give Mr. Reeve credit for originality, but it may very likely have come into the head of somebody else, and at all events Mr. Reeve is doubtless the happier for thinking that a belief in his originality is so firmly fixed in the mind of the world in general that he can afford to be magnanimous about it. But conceive any man first sitting down to write this kind of thing in a review, and then deliberately printing it again in a book. Let us try to measure the distance between an *Edinburgh* article as written and republished by Mr. Reeve and an *Edinburgh* article as written and republished by Lord Macaulay. The difference is simply that wide gap which divides the literary gentleman from the scholar. So again, after a long extract from a letter of M. de Tocqueville, Mr. Reeve tells us, "This noble passage is so characteristic of M. de Tocqueville's enlightened regard for this country, that we have stopped out of our course to quote it." But Mr. Reeve has not stepped out of his course to quote it. This fashion of quotation is in his course throughout his whole book. Page after page is stuffed full of extracts in small print from De Tocqueville and other people. This is done in a way which was distinctly overdoing it even in the first periodical form of the essays, but which, now that they are gathered together into a book, is utterly intolerable. The mere fact of putting such essays together shows that the author looks on them as having more than an ephemeral value. If he does so, it would surely be only civil to his readers to do something to relieve them from a merely ephemeral shape. Either Mr. Reeve would not take this trouble, or he did not know how to set about it. So we not only have the commonplace of Mr. Reeve's matter and the vulgarisms of his style—"virile" for "manly," "debile" [sic] for "weak," "febrile" for "feverish," and all the Latinisms of an unscholarly writer—but we have also all the cant phrases of periodical writing carried to a degree which even in periodical writing would be utterly wearisome. The only place where Mr. Reeve seems to have done much in the way of revision is in the article headed "Mirabeau," where "some passages were slightly modified, and some additions made to that article by the late Mr. Croker, whose knowledge of the details of the French Revolution was most extensive and accurate. But as," Mr. Reeve adds, "these emendations were of small importance, the essay is here restored to its original form." Perhaps readers of the *Edinburgh Review* in later times, when they come across a scholarly article patched up here and there by bits in the style of a penny-a-liner, may be tempted to think of the words "eo immitior, quia toleraverat." But Mr. Reeve as writer and Mr. Croker as reviser must have been well matched. What Mr. Croker was we have been taught by Lord Macaulay; what Mr. Reeve is we have been taught by Mr. Reeve himself. Still we wonder whether Mr. Croker altered and Mr. Reeve restored the passage in which Mr. Reeve, translating a French letter, says, "I do not think the throne, and still more the dynasty, have ever run a greater danger."

We might stop here altogether; but there is something worthy of thought in the fact that volumes such as these should have come from the same quarter which once sent forth the brilliant essays of Macaulay. And Mr. Reeve's writings touch on important subjects, and his treatment of some of them is, in its own way, instructive. Having therefore said what we have to say about the form of Mr. Reeve's essays, we must still give another article to their matter.

#### ORISSA.\*

(Second Notice)

IN a former notice we dealt chiefly with the second volume of Mr. Hunter's work on Orissa. The name of the province at once suggested the great natural calamities of which it has been the theatre, and the measures that have been taken to prevent their recurrence. But the first volume, which is mainly concerned with the religious history of Orissa, is by far the most interesting of the two. The possession of the temple of Jagannāth gives Orissa a more than provincial importance; and in India, more than in any other country perhaps, the history of religion is the history of the people. Orissa however does not present that vast legendary antiquity which has grown up round Indian kingdoms more favoured by nature. Down to the sixth century B.C. the land was still being made. The muddy jungle which the Mahanadi went on piling up along the shores and in the very bed

of its estuary had to become solid earth before history could claim it. The first inhabitants of whom any trace remains are the hill tribes and fishing races whose descendants remain to this day. In the midst of these dwelt the Buddhist communities who have left to Orissa its first architectural monuments. In parts of the province the hills are "honeycombed with cells and temples." These caves represent three distinct stages of religious progress or decline. The first is the age of asceticism. The earliest cells are "scarcely bigger than the lair of a wild beast, and almost as inaccessible." By and by these homes of solitary hermits give place to excavations intended for the meetings of religious communities. In the third age monastic life has become identified with the Court. The sculptures which adorn the latest excavations have nothing of religion in them until the prince and princess whose acts are represented, after enjoying to the full the pomps and pleasures of the world, have retired to end their days in contemplation. The inscriptions which preserve the eleven edicts put forth by Asoka, the Buddhist Emperor of Northern India, are probably older by at least a century than the latest of these sculptures. They date from the year 250 B.C., and their contents give a vivid picture of Buddhism at the height of its influence. Its one great feature "is its intense humanity. It provides alike for the bodily comfort and for the eternal salvation of all whom it can reach." It lays solemn commands upon its followers "to go forth among all races, and to all countries, and to preach 'the righteousness which passeth knowledge.'" At the same time "it cares for the sick, it digs wells for the thirsty wayfarer, it plants shady resting groves for man and beast." This characteristic of Buddhism should always be borne in mind as the exception to the ethereal isolation which has usually marked the Sanskrit-speaking races of India. "Buddhism is as typical a religion of these Sanskrit races as the Brahminism which went before it and the Hinduism which succeeded it."

The Buddhist dynasty in Orissa, which Mr. Hunter believes to have been of Greek origin, was overthrown in 474 A.D. The kings of the Lion line were Brahmanical from the first. "The ancient Sanskrit gods, who had all along co-existed more or less distinctly with Buddhism, now asserted their supremacy, and came forth arrayed in their new garb as modern Hindu deities." Before the middle of the seventh century of our era the contest between Buddhism and Siva worship had practically ceased:—

Temples to the All-Destroyer formed the great public works of the six centuries during which the Lion line ruled Orissa. Their founder began the lofty fane at Bhuvanewar about 500 A.D.; two succeeding monarchs laboured on it, and the work of the house completed it in A.D. 657. A slab inscription some centuries later recounts how a pious prince reared another "cloud-reaching temple with four beautiful halls" to the Lord Siva, "who destroys the sins of his worshippers, and gives salvation to these who touch (his image) in his holy place." Almost the only event by which the Palm Leaf Record relieves its monotonous list of kings of the ninth century is the erection of the Siva temple in Purī. And the last public act of the dynasty was the building of the beautiful vestibule to the great shrine at Bhuvanewar, between 1099 and 1104 A.D., or barely thirty years before the extinction of the race.

Bhuvanewar, the political capital of the Sivaite dynasty, once contained 7,000 shrines clustered round the great central tower, and friezes, scrolls, and carvings of wonderful beauty still adorn the long deserted walls. Jāgpur, the ecclesiastical capital, served for centuries as a quarry from which Musalmān conquerors built their mosques and palaces. To this day, however, the traveller wanders "amid dilapidated temples, time-worn flights of river stairs, statues ignominiously cast upon their faces, noseless gods and jungle-buried monoliths." Three colossal statues, each formed of a single block of chlorite, representing the wife of Siva, the Queen of Heaven, and the Earth Goddess, were raised by an English magistrate in 1866. The first is represented as a naked skeleton with a death's head over her forehead and an endless string of skulls wound about her body. In another monolith she is drawn at the moment of her victory over the demon host—a "brimming cup of blood in one of her four hands, and a battle-axe in another." Yet Siva-worship was to the last an imported creed in Orissa. Jāgpur was the seat, not of a native hierarchy, but of a priestly class invited by the founder of the Lion line from Oudh. The original Aryan conquerors, despised by the new comer and christened Worldly or Root-growing Brāhmans, long clung to their Buddhist creed; and this schism between the royal and the popular faiths, joined to the growing demoralization of a Court religion, probably paved the way for the overthrow of the Sivaite line of kings in 1132 of our era, and the substitution for them of a new line of Vishnuvite sovereigns. For the worship of Vishnu had far more affinity with Buddhism than that of Siva, and though the descendants of the imported priests, even in Purī, the great centre of Vishnuvite pilgrimage and ritual, worship Siva as their village god, the older settlers became Vishnuvites the moment that the new dynasty had established itself.

It is this latest faith that has made Orissa famous. Earlier forms of belief, indeed, have contributed to its religious pre-eminence, and still surround it with peculiar sanctity:—

From the moment the pilgrim passes the Baitarani River he treads on holy ground. On the southern side of the river rises shrine after shrine to Siva, the All-Destroyer. On its very bank he beholds the house of Yama, the King of the Dead, and as he crosses over the priest whispers into his ear the last text which is breathed over the dying Hindu "at the moment the spirit takes its flight." "In the dread gloom of Yama's halls is the tepid Baitarani River." On leaving the stream he enters Jāgpur, sacred to Parvati, the wife of the All-Destroyer. To the south-east is the region of pilgrimage sacred to the sun, now scarcely visited, with its matchless ruins looking down in desolate beauty across the Bay of Bengal. To the south-

\* Orissa. By W. W. Hunter. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1872.

west is the region of pilgrimage dedicated to Siva, with its city of temples, which once clustered, according to native tradition, to the number of 7,000, around the sacred lake.

But far above all these shrines, consecrated as they are by past glories or present devotion, is the city of Puri,

known to every hamlet throughout India, and to every civilized nation on earth, as the abode of Jagannáth, the Lord of the World. . . . Here is the national temple, whither the people flock to worship. Here is the Swarga Dwára, the Gate of Heaven, whither thousands of pilgrims come to die, lulled to their last sleep by the roar of the eternal ocean. Twenty generations of devout Hindus have gone through life haunted with a perpetual yearning to visit this shrine. On its fever-stricken sand-hills a nation's adoring love has been lavished. . . . "Even Siva is unable to comprehend its glory; how feeble then the efforts of mortal men!"

The main characteristic of the religion of Jagannáth is its catholicity. It is catholic both as regards its worshippers and as regards its rites. In the former respect, indeed, it has fallen from its original purity, for the temple gates are now closed against unquestionable non-Aryans like the neighbouring hill tribes and the landless servile castes. But in theory, priest and peasant are equal in the presence of the Lord of the World. The rice which is offered to him is eaten by the lowest as well as the highest. In the latter respect the temple of Jagannáth is a pantheon of itself. Every Indian sect finds its worship represented within its precincts. Every form of Indian belief has contributed to the composite idea which Jagannáth embodies. "He is Vishnu, under whatever form and by whatever title men call upon his name."

Mr. Hunter devotes a chapter of much interest to the pilgrimages which form the most striking and characteristic feature of the worship of Jagannáth. The whole of India is divided into districts, which are allotted to the head abbots of the several monasteries which encircle the temple at Puri. Each of these ecclesiastics maintains a staff of pilgrim guides, who go from village to village throughout the district belonging to their chief, preaching pilgrimage as the means of liberation from sin. The monotonous life which the women of India lead renders them especially open to such exhortations. The guide usually visits a house when the husband has gone out to the fields, and by the time he returns the sermon has done its work. Of the bands of pilgrims which are daily arriving at Puri, not more than ten per cent. are males. The latter part of the journey is usually made on foot, and long before they reach the Holy City many of the weakest have died upon the road, while the rest are lamed by the rough roads or prostrated by some form of bowel-complaint. The guide does his best to sustain their resolution, and to prevent the retreat which would make his labours useless to his employer. Once within sight of Puri their pains are all forgotten. They hurry across the bridge, plunge into one of the sacred reservoirs, and then, after arraying themselves in fresh garments which they have brought with them, proceed to the temple. There the guide makes them over to the priest who employs him, and the round of the various shrines is begun. Every day the pilgrims bathe in one of the artificial lakes, and each evening they rush into the surf on one specially sacred part of the sandy shore. This same spot, the Swarga-Dwára, the Gate of Heaven, is also the burial-place of generations of pilgrims who have died at Puri:—

Every evening the funeral pyres may be seen glancing across the water, while groups sit sadly round in the fitful light. Devotees from every province of India come hither to do the last office for a brother, or a parent, or a wife. I have talked to many pilgrims in this shrine of death; and so far as one man can judge of the inner life of another, some of them had drawn very near in their hearts to God. One little group came to bury their mother. They had journeyed with a pilgrim band from the far West beyond the limits of British India, and had visited the great shrines at Allahábád, Benares, and Gyá upon the way. They had done as much of their journey as they could by railway; but they had walked about 500 miles besides. The journey had taken three months. One-sixth of them had already died. But the oldest woman in the party, a brave up-country matron, had never flinched. She had constantly urged them forward, in order, she said, that she might reach the holy city before she died. The same day she arrived she prevailed upon the priests to conduct her to the temple, where she gazed in silent rapture upon the god. Next morning she fell ill. The other pilgrims began to recover their strength, but she gradually declined; and now her sons had come to burn her body on the sands. She had reached the gate of heaven at last. They laid down the bier at the edge of the sea, till the ripples wetted the vermilion-sprinkled yellow shroud. A green leaf had been placed in her girdle and another in her breast. Then, with all her ornaments around her arms and ankles, they laid her on the pile, and in a few minutes the forked flames flashed up into the skies.

Of the particular ceremonial which has made the name of Jagannáth so famous, the self-immolation of the worshippers at the annual car festival, Mr. Hunter finds no present trace. The whole spirit of Vishnu-worship seems to be opposed to it. Even accidental death within the temple is enough to make it unclean. "The ritual suddenly stops, and the polluted offerings are hurried away from the sight of the offended god." The religious literature relating to the festival makes no mention of it. Mr. Hunter is inclined to think that the ritual of Jagannáth may originally have included many ceremonies borrowed from the rival ritual of Siva, and that though these were probably excluded under the influence of Chaviana, the Vishnuite reformer, at the beginning of the sixteenth century of our era, the tradition of them has survived, and has served, together with the misrepresentation of Mahomedans, the credulity of travellers, and the piety of missionaries, "to make the name of Jagannáth synonymous with organized self-slaughter." Besides this the incidents of the car festival have sometimes lent themselves both to suicide and death by misadventure. "In a closely packed, eager throng of a hundred thousand men and women, many of them unaccustomed to exposure or hard labour, and all of them tugging

and straining to the utmost under the blazing tropical sun, deaths must occasionally occur. There have doubtless been instances of pilgrims throwing themselves under the wheels in a frenzy of religious excitement. But such instances have always been rare, and are now unknown. At one time several unhappy people were killed or injured every year; but they were almost invariably cases of accidental tramping. The few suicides that did occur were almost invariably cases of diseased and miserable objects who took this means to put themselves out of pain." If, however, the worship of Jagannáth is not chargeable with death by self-immolation, it is the cause of a vast number of deaths of a more ordinary kind. During their stay at Puri the pilgrims live on the boiled rice and other similar foods which have been cooked by the priests and presented to Jagannáth. This food being holy, every particle of it must be consumed, and as putrefaction sets in within twenty-four hours, much of it is eaten when in a state highly injurious to health. The houses in Puri are built on little platforms, beneath the centre of which is a cesspool. In a tropical temperature this is continually throwing off pestilential gases, for which the construction of the buildings afford no outlet. Into these houses the pilgrims are crowded with an utter disregard of comfort or health. Eighteen persons is the average to each house. In one room, measuring 20 feet by 12, forty-five persons were crammed. In another, measuring 13 feet by 10½ feet, with but one entrance and no windows, eighty persons passed the night. These statistics refer to the dry season, when great numbers sleep out of doors. But the car festival comes at the beginning of the rains, when no one will sleep under the open sky who can by any measure of packing possibly find a roof under which to lie. Even the sufferings of the pilgrims at Puri are not so bad as their sufferings on the journey home. Every stream is flooded, and days sometimes pass before the ferry-boats will venture to ply. At night the villages in which they seek shelter are too small to give covered sleeping places to more than a fraction. The remainder "sit upon the wet grass, not daring to lie down, rocking themselves to a monotonous chant something between a whimper and a moan, through the long and dismal night." The very lowest estimate of the deaths from these causes in Puri and on the road puts them at ten thousand annually. Nor is this the sum of the mischief. Cholera can always be traced back to India, and the great source of cholera in India is Puri. "These overcrowded, pest-haunted dens around Jagannáth may become at any moment the centre from which the disease radiates to the great manufacturing towns of France and England." Yet what can be done to prevent this? Pilgrimage cannot be forbidden, and any efficient regulation of it would involve a very large outlay. This might be met by a sanitary tax upon the pilgrims, but for the probability that any such mode of raising money might be accepted by the natives, and would certainly be denounced by the missionaries, as a public recognition of idolatrous worship. It is true of Orissa, even more than of other parts of India, that "the ignorance, prejudices, and suspicions of the people on the one hand, and the vast demands upon the revenue for more visibly and perhaps more urgently needed public works on the other, do not leave sanitation a chance."

We take leave of Mr. Hunter with many of the subjects of interest with which his book deals still untouched. The account of the tenure of land in Orissa, which fulfils a promise given in his earlier volume "to set forth the rights of the various classes interested in the soil, from evidence collected from the rural records," deserves especially careful study. If we have any fault to find with these volumes, it is that the order in which the subjects are treated is not always a very obvious one. The history of Jagannáth, for example, which forms the third stage in the religious history of Orissa, is mostly given in a separate and earlier chapter, and only completed in the chapter in which it finds its natural place. But a mere defect of form such as this is no real drawback to the pleasure which Mr. Hunter's work will give to every reader who cares to see a great subject worthily handled.

#### THE GOLDEN LION OF GRANPERE.\*

PERHAPS there is no disposition of mind more profitable to the novelist, at all events to one who sets himself to write a great many novels, than unflagging fidelity to his calling. There are occasions when lazy folks reckon observation, flights of fancy, attention even to pleasant congenial things, as work. Their notion of a holiday is rest to their higher faculties. In this mood the fairest material for a scene or a plot passes before their eyes without causing them one thought of making capital out of it. When they laid aside the pen, it was an understood thing, a bargain with themselves, that the relaxation should be thorough and unbroken. In strong contrast with such shiftless indolence stands the author of the *Golden Lion of Granpere*. If writing books is a *métier*, as we are told it is on high authority, Mr. Trollope is among its most indefatigable followers. With him it is a business never to be laid aside. It is no pleasure to him to turn his back upon it. But we are not therefore to suppose that he never takes holiday. We may fairly presume that business in its sterner sense did not lead him to Alsace; but the thrifty use of opportunities, the readiness to make the most of what chance offers, is among the supreme delights of active minds. They dread a total cessation from labour. Once

\* *The Golden Lion of Granpere*. By Anthony Trollope. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1872.

Let the thread go, how can they be sure of finding the end again?  
To be idle is to lose self-respect. They feel with the poet,

Perséverance, dear my lord,  
Keeps honour bright; to have done is to hang  
Quite out of fashion like a rusty mail.

It is clearly no pleasure to Mr. Trollope to lie by, to leave his gifts to rust from disuse. No day must pass without a picture taken into the memory, a scene sketched out, some glimmer of a plot seized for future elaboration. The difference between his business and his holiday work lies rather in quality than quantity; in the one human nature is treated in its outside superficial aspect as a traveller sees it, in the other with the deeper insight of close study and experience. Where his personages lead a life and speak a language out of the range of this experience, he is content to be sketchy and general, to make his people love and hate as human beings according to his preconceived notions, without much attempt to qualify these operations according to country, or religion, or race. What so practised an observer sees he can report picturesquely. Given certain figures in costume, certain accessories, and the merest passing glimpse behind the scene helps him to arrange them into a semblance of foreign life and manners. But, in fact, there is no appearance in this story of Alsatian life of the author's knowing more of the mind, manners, and character of the Alsations than could be gathered by one or two days spent at an hotel a little out of the main route. It was not because of any peculiar attraction in the people, or of his interest in a critical political situation, but simply because he was there, that he laid his scene in this world-renowned province, his fancy possibly stimulated by some examples of a striking physiognomy. Every pretty girl is a possible heroine. Wherever she is to be found there are sure to be lovers, whether the scene lies in England or Alsace. This central figure in the "Golden Lion" is so far foreign that her calling and vocations have nothing exactly to answer to them in our own country. In other respects we should have thought her views of things were more those of an English Protestant girl than of a Roman Catholic Alsatian. We do not doubt, however, that Mr. Trollope has seen Marie Bromar dispensing soup to the guests of a *table d'hôte*; has noted her manners, half as equal, half as dependent, towards her uncle the host; has seen her get her meals standing, at haphazard, too busy to eat like other people; and finally, when the labours of the table are over, has seen her standing behind her uncle with her hands on his head, a situation certainly not English. We don't think he heard her tell him that she preferred regular meals to "picking and stealing," for that is out of the English Catechism. He has also caught what must necessarily be the accomplishments of an active, zealous, clever girl so situated, which, as a specimen of a first-rate education of circumstances, are worth enumerating:—

During the five years of her residence at Granpere she had thoroughly learned the mysteries of her uncle's trade. She knew good wine from bad by the perfume; she knew whether bread was the full weight by the touch; with a glance of her eye she could tell whether the cheese and butter were what they ought to be; in a matter of poultry no woman in all the commune could take her in; she was great in judging eggs; knew well the quality of linen; was even able to calculate how long the hay should last, and what should be the consumption of corn in the stables. Michel Voss was well aware, before Marie had been a year beneath his roof, that she well earned the morsel she ate and the drop she drank; and when she had been there five years, he was ready to swear that she was the cleverest girl in Lorraine and Alsace.

Mr. Trollope has really got up all the duties of a waitress at such an hotel as the "Lion d'or" with a remarkable fullness of detail. Nothing is omitted that a curious traveller would see, who, recognizing the business of his intellectual life in every human being that comes before him, attentively follows every action, and traces it to its meaning. We are told how Marie brushes away crumbs, puts away bottles and dishes, locks up cupboards, keeps accounts; how it is pleasant to watch her eyes as she dispenses the soup, interprets the wants of the guests, notes the dirty hands of the boy assistant to be commented upon afterwards, and so on; but, after all, this does not convince us that Mr. Trollope can guess any the better for all these particulars what would pass between her and her priest as to the question which of her lovers she must choose and which throw over. And it is the same with the curé, M. Goudin. We have the outer man pretty distinctly before us, as he dines every Sunday a guest at the *table d'hôte* at the side of the Catholic hostess, and obeys the Protestant host's stipulation that he shall converse only on general topics. We rely upon Mr. Trollope in the matter of the clean collar put on in honour of the betrothal. We have no doubt he is strictly correct as to the blackness of the beard which is shaved at capricious intervals on Tuesday, Friday, and Saturday evenings, but which was very black indeed on Tuesday and Friday mornings. He may also be trusted to have read Madame Voss's mind correctly, who certainly would have wished that the good man should have himself shaved at any rate every other day; but this does not help him to any real knowledge of the relation between pastor and flock.

The management of the story strikes us as showing the same want of easy familiarity with the inner life and thought of the people whom Mr. Trollope deals with. We perceive a clash between the French and English modes of managing matrimonial affairs. Marie Bromar and George Voss get engaged to one another in English fashion, no opinion and no leave asked. She promises to be his wife on her own responsibility, without any apparent doubt of her right to do so; though of course she would not marry him against his father's wish. But the

uncle disposes of her to somebody else, as though she were absolutely his possession, at first without consulting her inclinations, and then running violently counter to them. And she acknowledges his authority, and for a time submits to it. It is not easy for anybody out of France thoroughly to master this question; reading scarcely helps one to understand it; but there is an apparent inconsistency. A native would recognize a foreign hand in the plot. Tyrannical men, however, who will have their own way, belong to no country, and the uncle, Michel Voss, overbearing and yet kind and loveable, is a spirited delineation. There is this convenience in a plot depending on unreasonable caprice, that the complications of the story can be cleared up at any moment. Michel Voss is violently set on marrying his wife's niece to a linen merchant of Basle, to whom Marie is utterly averse, and he is equally determined that she shall not marry his son; though all the time he is excessively fond of her, and her loss to the "Lion d'or" will be irreparable, like the loss of his right leg, as he tells her. Of course there is no one point at which such unreasonableness should yield more than at another; it can last just as long as the author pleases, and come to an end when the paper to be covered approaches its last sheet. The one submission to the foreign code of duty, the one distinction between Marie and her sister heroines of British birth, is to be found in her personal devotion and duty being divided between her lover and her uncle. No English girl under Mr. Trollope's management would let the dearest uncle or father in the world come between her and the most worthless of lovers, if she had once given her heart and word to him. But Marie has lived in habits of submission. "Perhaps," it is observed, "it may be said of every human heart in a sound condition, that it must be specially true to some other human heart; but it may certainly be so said of every female heart, there is always one friend to whom the woman's heart is true, for whom it is the woman's joy to offer herself for sacrifice." This one being in Marie's case had been her uncle, and so long as she believed her chosen lover inconstant, she sacrificed herself to this elder idol. She is to be excused because she was not a highly educated lady. What Mr. Trollope says of the feelings of persons constantly occupied with material things is true to every one's experience:—

As is ever the case with those who have to do chiefly with things material, she was thinking more frequently of the outer wants of those around her than of the inner workings of her own heart or personal intelligence. Would the bread rise well? Would the bargain she had made for poultry suffice for the house? Was that lot of wine which she had persuaded her uncle to buy of creditable quality? Were her efforts for increasing her uncle's profits compatible with satisfaction on the part of her uncle's guests? Such were the questions which from day to day occupied her attention, and filled her with interest; and therefore her own identity was not strong to her, as it is strong to those whose business permits them to look frequently into themselves, or whose occupations are of a nature to produce such introspection. If her head ached, or she had lamed her hand by any accident, she would think more of the injury to the household arising from her incapacity than of her own pain. It is so, reader, with your gardener, your groom, or your cook, if you will think of it. Till you tell them by your pity that they are the sufferers, they will think that it is you who are most affected by their ailments. And the man who loses his daily wages because he is ill complains of his loss, not of his ailment. His own identity is half hidden from him by the practical wants of his life. Had Marie been disappointed in her love without the appearance of any rival suitor, no one would have ever heard of her love.

This rival suitor, poor M. Urmand, is the most ill-used lover that ever made sport for hard hearts. His outer man is at any rate a reality; the coat with the silk lining, the rings and jewellery, and scented hair. He really behaves with spirit; and, not having the aquiline nose which betokens command, he would, if she could have thought so, have made Marie a good husband. We have said that the story could be brought to an end at any moment; and in fact it comes to an end by Michel Voss having too much of the company of this unlucky aspirant, all of his own wilful and obstinate seeking. He is struck perhaps by the argument of his son—If you are tired of him in three days, what would Marie be, spending her whole life with him? But the complication need never have existed at all if the lovers had behaved with any truth to nature. Mr. Trollope describes a society occupied exclusively with things material; they are not people, we grant, with whom the pen is a very ready or eloquent instrument; but what lovers of that class, living less than thirty miles apart, and with nothing but that distance (easily traversed by inn-keepers) to part them, would be content to hold absolutely no communication for a year? The lovers whom we know as occupied with material wants are very resolute in their determination to meet pretty frequently. Our cook will not let her "young man" slip from her for want of the periodical visit. He would know himself to be an unworthy defaulter if he made no sign for a year. George, who at a pettish word from his father has sulked the year out, when he hears that Marie is really betrothed to another, finds the journey easy enough from Colmar to Granpere just to "hurl his thunderbolt," and to tell her that on him her memory would be a blight all his life long. She who was to have been the joy of his life would henceforth be its curse, and so on. It is such things as these which prevent our feeling the same trust in Mr. Trollope in Alsace as we do when he is at home, where the feelings and habits of all classes are, so to say, at his fingers' ends. There is the flimsiness of holiday work about it all; it requires more earnestness than he could put into the story to warm the reader into any strong interest in the difficulties of people who have one and all got themselves into the fix we find them in. Still Mr. Trollope's books are always pleasant reading; there is the touch of a master-

hand even where the stroke is not in his truest and most confident style; his narrative is constantly enlivened by characteristic comments and reflections that come home, carrying his lightest efforts quite above the conventional novel. If we forget the story, there will still remain some flash of thought, some keen-eyed observation, to tell us that we have been engaged with an author worthy of the title.

#### THE SECOND PERIOD OF THE FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR.\*

READERS of the *Posthumous Papers of Rossel*, which we lately reviewed (May 18, 1872), will remember the lively sketch which the unfortunate writer drew of M. de Freycinet, Gambetta's War Minister at Tours—the "grave, greyish-haired, tired-looking man, who was always engaged and always invisible," and who treated the would-be Napoleon of the hour simply as an additional place-hunter. M. de Freycinet has been charged with more than a single share in the blunders and extravagances which marred the only chance France ever seemed to have of turning the tide of the war, and it is but natural that he should come forward, not ostensibly indeed in self-justification, to contribute to the gathering materials of history which the French press is pouring forth. "Very erroneous versions," he says in his preface, "of the events of the later months of the war have been in currency. It seemed to me to be a duty to correct them, and to contribute to put historical truth on a proper footing." And this, he adds, he is the better able to do from having purposely kept clear of the storms of politics. The result lies before us in a closely printed volume of four hundred pages, containing, from the view of the War Office formed temporarily at Tours and later at Bordeaux, the whole history of the five months of struggle carried on under Gambetta against the tide of German victory.

It is hardly necessary to say that the friend and confidant of Gambetta, however well intentioned his designs as an author, finds it more difficult than he imagines to avoid all political allusions. The closing pages of his work might be read as the peroration of a speech from the Left in reply to those arguments which M. Thiers used the other day to enforce his doctrine of the necessity of a regular army as distinguished from an armed nation. This great subject must of necessity be left as a question for French opinion to solve. But the opening page of the preface equally displays the partisan spirit in which it seems inevitable that a Frenchman should discuss every matter of history. For M. de Freycinet here not only claims credit—as he is fairly entitled to do—for the long resistance made by the improvised forces of Gambetta to the victorious enemy, but proceeds to draw the usual contrast between their behaviour and the collapse of the Imperial troops in the first few weeks of the war, ignoring, as all the writers of his school are wont to do, the one fact so obvious to all the rest of the world—that it was not quite the same thing to face Von Moltke on the Moselle at the head of half a million of Germans with an inferior force, and to show front to a mere detachment of the same army on the Loire, whose operations were of necessity wholly subordinate to the covering of the siege of Paris behind it. Nor is the spirit more fair, or, viewing it historically, in the least more justifiable, in which he at the same point stops to condemn "the insensate policy which had lost us the sympathy of Europe"—the declaration of war presumably; forgetting, as the Republican party so conveniently are ready to do, how largely their own intrigues have to answer for the very policy which their advocates, now that it has utterly failed, condemn with an austerity ill suited to their warlike traditions.

But we must pass from the preface and peroration to the work itself. This may be divided generally for our purpose into three main portions. The first is concerned chiefly with the organization of the Republican armies created under the inspiration of Gambetta. The second describes their efforts for the liberation of France from the enemy. The third consists of M. de Freycinet's ideas as to the reconstitution of the military forces of his country. As the pith of the last may be summed up in the common party formula of universal compulsory education and universal compulsory service—which M. Thiers and, following him, France have decisively rejected—and as we find nothing novel in the way in which this idea is developed by our author, we take leave to omit this portion of the work entirely from our notice, which we shall confine indeed chiefly to the first.

We are disposed to agree with M. de Freycinet's general view, that the judgments directed on the shortcomings of the Gambetta armies do not sufficiently take into consideration the enormous difficulties with which their organizers had to contend. What these were can only be fully understood by such a survey as M. de Freycinet affords in the early part of his work. Taking the date of October 10, 1870, when Gambetta assumed the administration, our author shows us that the whole available forces outside Paris, Metz, and the minor fortresses consisted of less than forty thousand regular troops, and as many Gardes Mobiles, with about a hundred guns, many of which were in an unserviceable condition. These were disposed as follows:—Somewhat over twenty thousand men upon the Loire

under Lamotteurouge were retreating rapidly before the Bavarians. Cambriels, with twenty-four thousand disheartened followers, was abandoning the Vosges to retire on Besançon. Finally, in the West, thirty thousand of the Garde Mobile, raw battalions of recruits, imperfectly armed and destitute of all proper staff, not to mention the absence of artillery and cavalry, were gathering about Chartres and Evreux in just such a thin cordon as the smallest disciplined force could break through at any selected point. The administrative means for improving this poor array into a national force were of the most limited order. The Government of Defence, wrapt up as De Freycinet tells us in the notion that the part of the provinces in the general struggle was of necessity to be wholly secondary to that of the capital, had kept at the latter three parts of the strength of the War Office. Two general officers and two colonels were the whole supply of practised functionaries on the personal staff of the Minister, and the nine subdivisions of his bureau were compressed into three for want of persons conversant with the routine business of the army. But the most striking proof of the indifference or hopelessness of the Trochu Administration as to what the provinces might do for the common welfare was to be found in the fact that not a single copy of the staff maps of the country was to be had for necessary strategic purposes, nor any register of the qualifications of officers. "War had to be made, therefore, without the map," says De Freycinet, "and cadres formed without knowing anything of the antecedents of those appointed to them." Such were among the direct results of the national habit of over-centralization, which presupposed all action impossible or useless that was not directed from Paris. In default of the common means of check, nominations to command had to be made by haphazard, and corrected by circumstances. As to the maps, the first obtained were reproductions laboriously made of a single set offered by a general officer's widow. But for the not less important duty of reconnoitring in the direction of the enemy, no regular Intelligence Department was created, it seems, until the struggle was nearly over, although individual spies (or agents, as they are euphemistically termed in the work) were employed with considerable success within the enemy's lines to bring isolated reports. It would seem, therefore, that M. de Freycinet had no adviser near him much wiser than the functionaries at Paris, of whom he justly complains.

Reviewing the general results of the efforts of himself and his subordinates in the large bureau which Gambetta's energy soon formed, M. de Freycinet sums them up in the statement that within four months—October 10 to February 9—there were formed and brought before the enemy no less than 600,000 men. Of these there were two hundred and eight battalions of infantry called regular, containing 230,000 soldiers; thirty-one large regiments of Garde Mobile, with 111,000; fifty-four regiments of horse, with 32,000; and 30,000 francs-tireurs, in units of various strength; besides artillery and engineers. In other words, men were actually raised and equipped at the rate of five thousand a day—a marvellous feat of the kind, little reassuring as are the results to the cool critic who studies them for his lesson.

Perhaps the hardest task of all that fell to M. de Freycinet's lot was the formation of what we should term, in the mistaken nomenclature adopted hastily for our imitation of it, the Control Department, or Intendance, for these gigantic forces. One sub-intendant represented the staff of the civil part of the army at Tours when M. Gambetta descended after his famous balloon passage. By dint of enlisting civilian functionaries accustomed to the business of purchase and distribution, and calling in all available intendants from the provinces, five branches were formed for transport, rations, clothing, medical stores, and accounts respectively; and the supplies of the force were henceforth accomplished by means of contracts. As of these M. de Freycinet tells us that they not only fed the Gambetta armies, but sent thirty millions of spare rations into Paris after the armistice, we are not too careful to criticize them closely. "Needs must" is probably the only rule that any administration at such a crisis could be expected to hold to, and probably the celebrated American fire-arms contracts were but full-blown specimens of the sort of business which M. de Freycinet's improvised bureau was supposed to check.

When we turn to the actual details of the war as told by M. de Freycinet, the weakness and the strength of a writer who has had large opportunities of gathering correct information, with no capacity at all for making use of it, are displayed upon the most cursory examination. Thus, to take a very well-known episode, the defeat of D'Aurelle before Orleans, M. de Freycinet gives us the circumstances with an accuracy and completeness which no writer on the French side has hitherto approached. But he does all this without being able at a single point to show clearly why the French design, which in theory was sound enough, failed so conspicuously in execution. The facts are that Prince Frederick Charles, finding the French before him not only strong in numbers, but bold, and in parts well led beyond his expectation, determined to avail himself for their overthrow of the better manœuvring power of his troops. The two armies were facing each other on January 1, on an extended front of nearly forty miles long, engaging irregularly at various points, not wholly to the advantage of the Germans. The XVIII<sup>th</sup> and XX<sup>th</sup> Corps formed D'Aurelle's right, and lay well to the eastward of the great road through Artenay to Orleans. The Prince resolved to draw in suddenly the whole left of his line which had faced this corps, and attack with the force thus gathered the centre and left of the French before they could imitate his concentration. His

\* *La Guerre en Province*. Par Charles de Freycinet, ancien Délégué du Ministre de la Guerre à Tours. Paris: Lévy. 1872.

*The Operations of the German Armies from Sedan to the End of the War*. By Major Blume, from the Official Head-Quarter Staff Reports. Translated by Major Jones, 20th Regiment, Professor of Military History at Sandhurst. London: King & Co. 1872.

orders were given early on the 2nd, and carried out at once, the Germans of the III<sup>rd</sup> and IX<sup>th</sup> Corps showing marching powers which draw admiration from the French chronicler. The strategy of the Prince was aided by the success of his right that day against Chanzy westward of the road, and the result of the next day's attack was that the French centre was pierced and driven violently back on Orleans, whilst the XVIII<sup>th</sup> and XX<sup>th</sup> Corps were altogether separated from the bulk of D'Aurelle's army. All this appears plainly enough in the narrative of De Freycinet; but he seems quite unconscious that the disaster was not due to individual shortcomings, but rather to the general inferiority of the raw French troops and untried staff, who were obviously unequal to any sudden or difficult combination.

So again, when we study his narrative of the miserable campaign of Bourbaki in the East of France, we find at every point the same ignorance of the calibre of the forces which marched under the ex-Imperialist general to certain defeat, and of the true bearings of the events recorded. Werder's successful flank march to cover the lines of Héricourt before Belfort is spoken of as a retreat, and the action of Villersexel, by which he succeeded in preserving it unmolested, as a triumph for Bourbaki's army. Its ill-success at Héricourt a few days later is ascribed to minor mistakes of detail in the movements against the lines held by the Germans; instead of being explained, as it should be in truth, by the utter want of discipline and fighting power in the host that Gambetta had mustered for this unfortunate essay. Finally, the practical destruction of Bourbaki's force by its being driven pell-mell over the border into Switzerland has its cause assigned by De Freycinet in the mistaken negotiation of Jules Favre; whereas his own narrative clearly shows that the French line of retreat was allowed to be cut, and escape from the Héricourt ground made impracticable, owing to a military blunder the responsibility of which rests between Garibaldi and Bourbaki, who each blamed the other's inaction in allowing Manteuffel to pass between them. In short, as has been before said, no military deduction of M. de Freycinet's is anywhere to be trusted, however credible his statements of facts may be.

We turn with pleasure from this toilsome, yet unprofitable, compilation on the French side to the work of Major von Blume, which in its English dress forms the most valuable addition to our stock of works upon the war that our press has put forth. Major Blume writes with a clear conciseness much wanting in many of his country's historians; and Major Jones has done himself and his original alike justice by his vigorous, yet correct, translation of the excellent volume on which he has laboured. Our space forbids our doing more than commending it earnestly as the most authentic and instructive narrative of the second section of the war that has yet appeared. One obvious remark only shall here be made. The reader who studies it carefully will discover beyond any doubt that the relative value of De Freycinet's boasted levies diminished steadily as the war went on. We find the Germans, who at the outset conquered with difficulty at Forbach and Mars-la-Tour equal bodies of their enemies, triumphing under Prince Frederick Charles before Orleans four months afterwards, when they numbered less than two to three, overthrowing rather later under the same Prince Chanzy's forces at Le Mans with one-half their strength, and finally, under Werder, defeating decisively the attacks of Bourbaki with one-fourth of his number. For, as Blume sums up the lesson, it was Gambetta's fundamental error to suppose that to give arms to a great many men was to create armies. This mistake, he adds, the result of a false reading of the lessons of the Wars of the Revolution, caused the French Republic to suffer a defeat more terrible than even that of the Empire which it succeeded.

#### CHILDREN IN ART.\*

IN the four or five essays which compose this little volume Mr. Colvin has given an interesting sketch of a portion of a very curious and attractive subject. The freedom of art is a thing we often hear of; but the limitations of art are perhaps a more fertile and more instructive field of study. Whence come those arbitrary boundaries the passage of which forms the history of art? Why was landscape-painting impossible for centuries, although the power to paint had long been gained, and the love of landscape, the sentiment of nature, had reached more or less expression in literature? The natural range of the eye at times seems arrested, the hand becomes incapable of leaving the conventional line of curve, until they are suddenly set free by some influence of which the artist is unconscious. The truthful rendering of children by the painter and sculptor forms one of these strange developments in art. It is not strange that it was made; it is strange that men were so long in making it. Pleasure in the sight of childhood is certainly no new thing in the world's history; the impulse to draw or to model a child must, one would think, be natural to every artist; the originals are to be seen in every cottage and nursery; yet Mr. Colvin's phrase—"there is a sentiment, a susceptibility of the spirit, a mode of regarding young children, both with eye and heart, of which the dawn, as expressed in art, accompanies the dawn of the English school" (that is, is of little more than a hundred years' existence)—is, in the sense which he intends, literally correct. With certain exceptions which we will presently indicate, one may broadly say that no complete painting of children, no drawing

them for their own sake and for the love of childhood, existed before Reynolds and Gainsborough revealed to art capacities which had lain dormant in her for centuries.

In these remarks, it is modern art which must be understood. Of all the period of Greek and Greco-Roman painting, from the time when subjects of common life began to be treated, we have no remains but a few damaged walls in Pompeii or the Palace of the Cæsars, a few vases, gems, and metal reliefs, saved at random from the enormous destruction which accompanied the Northern deluge. Yet this period of art, which covers long spaces during which productiveness must have been at its maximum, is one of five or six centuries—a period longer than that which separates us from Giotto. When we think of this, we see what a mere drop from the ocean has survived in the richest museums; we cannot resist the discouraging inference that it is impossible for us now to recover the history of ancient art. From our scanty fragments we may indeed conjecture that the Greeks, both in Greece itself and wherever through the whole Roman world their æsthetic influence extended, did carry art into what we should call many modern directions; but we can do no more than conjecture. It is a sad but an inevitable lesson that we learn when we turn our eyes from what survives of Hellas in books, or in works of art and architecture, to what we know once existed. Primeval man himself, during all the *millennia* through which we now faintly trace him, is hardly represented more barely and more sporadically than the centuries of that magnificent civilization.

With all this region, however, and what may be dimly seen of it, Mr. Colvin does not meddle. His essays begin the subject from post-Christian times:—

In what sense [he asks] were children taken; what artistic use was made of them by the old schools, and especially . . . by the divine school of Italy? It is evident that children may be taken either naturally as what they are, or artificially as types and figures of what they are not. A school may either see and care about them in their common human relations, or refer them to other and more remote relations suggested by religion and imagination.

Starting from this point of view, the writer considers briefly the children who appear in the Holy Families of the Italian masters, and the later outburst of Cupids and ornamental *amorini* which accompanied the Renaissance movement. This part of the subject invites expansion. Mr. Colvin's remarks are good and true, but they demand a considerable acquaintance with Italian art from the reader. What is most striking here is the contrast or conflict in the painters' minds between the actual child they had, or should have had, before them as a model, and the high superhuman idea which they were, with more or less of the "vision and the faculty divine," endeavouring to express. On this point the primitive inexperience told severely. Where so difficult a class of models was concerned, no one could even approximately hope to unite the look of life with the look of Deity, unless he had reached considerable mastery over design and colour. Hence the Holy Children of the early religious art are for centuries much below the Mother in beauty and expression; and hence also, when once mastery was reached, they escape earliest, as it were, from the painter's idealism, and tend to become mere human infants at play among the glorified group. Yet a purely "naturalistic" rendering is rarely if ever found; "the weight of prescription" has been upon the least inspired artist, or, if not, is imagined by the spectator. So again with the child-angels of religious art; and then with the *amorini* of the Renaissance; although here, of course, a different sentiment comes in. Mr. Colvin, although his language sometimes strikes us as too florid and complex, and his thought not always adequately rendered, has analysed this very well: tracing the immortal Aphroditis child of Greece, even during the first period of Christian art surviving in the Catacombs, to the age when "Cupid is himself again," and indeed finds from Correggio a glorification such as no existing ancient example approaches, in a certain tender and mystical beauty, united with the full play of energetic life. Then rapidly follows the decline, when figures of children, employed more and more for merely decorative effect, become one of the dominant mannerisms of Italian art. Readers will remember many a wall or canvas where the painter has put in a child, apparently because he could think of nothing else; until at last what should properly be the most fresh and natural element in art becomes precisely the most conventional and insipid. Albano and Fiammingo are leading names in this bad and empty style, which has long been the special favourite of wealthy and half-trained collectors.

From Italian art Mr. Colvin makes a long leap to English art of a hundred years since; giving a few paragraphs to the French and Dutch schools (to the last of which he is not always sufficiently generous), pointing out rather than attempting to solve the curious questions which we have stated above—why, namely, the drawing of childhood for its own sake is so recent a discovery, and why it was reserved in the main for English artists. This portion of the work is indeed one which would require a careful study of the character of the last and the preceding centuries in regard to life and literature, and would lead into many doubtful questions. Indeed we may say that a true history of the eighteenth centuries in England is now one of our greatest desiderata; we cannot expect it to be supplied as part of a special essay on art. Meanwhile we may briefly indicate the increased value which civilization attaches to the life of the individual, and what may be roughly called the unfeudalizing influences of modern times, as among the motive causes which turned the art of Reynolds and Flaxman, emancipated from the restrictions of Italian religious and Renaissance traditions, towards the natural delineation of

\* *Children in Italian and English Design.* By Sidney Colvin, M.A. With Illustrations. London: Seeley & Co. 1872.

childhood. Here, however, we touch a point which Mr. Colvin has not handled. The first appearance of this branch of art must be traced to the portrait work of early Italy and Germany. Even in the strictly religious region some indications may be found; as in children occurring in the Florentine fourteenth-century frescoes, and in such child-angels as those whom Francia has placed at the foot of the Virgin's throne in his exquisite Bentivoglio picture at Bologna. Thenceforward, in Rubens, Rembrandt, Vandyck, Velasquez, and many more, we find renderings of childhood in which a wish to represent types of that age always increasingly grows upon the wish to represent an individual child's portrait. A little girl clinging to her father's dress, by Vandyck, in the Louvre, is an admirable illustration of this tendency. The same gallery contains another in the well-known Infanta Margarita, by the greater Velasquez. But the full and free outburst of this exquisite branch of art is of course found in our own Reynolds and Gainsborough. "By these two men," an earlier essayist in this field has remarked, "it was that the poetry of childhood was first felt, at any rate was first rendered in art" in its completeness. "They expressed this through portraiture, and have hardly attempted, like our later painters, to render the humours and games of children; but, within the range which they selected, it is not possible to imagine a higher perfection in reaching the essential charm of their subject, a more truthful and engaging graciousness." And we may add that, as Blake, Flaxman, and Stothard all followed Reynolds and Gainsborough, it is impossible not to consider them as artists who, with their own originality unimpeached, yet carried on and developed the course so splendidly begun. Reynolds and Gainsborough, in fact, are the creators of the "child of art," and, upon this view, no essay on the subject can be complete without a full consideration of their pictures.

In saying this we mean no disparagement to Mr. Colvin's book, which does not profess to be an exhaustive history, and which satisfactorily fulfils its professions. And we hope that the interest of what he has given us may attract attention to the subject sufficiently to render it worth while for the author and the publisher to recast the work in the form of a perfect monograph. In that case, let us add, the fading and unsatisfactory photographic illustrations (although, indeed, they are good specimens of that false fine art) should be replaced by engraving.

The three essays on Blake, Flaxman, and Stothard, which form the *pièce de résistance* of the book, are the most satisfactory part of it. These papers first appeared in a magazine, and here and there we find traces of the treatment natural to magazine-writing, both in the style and the matter. But on the whole they may be heartily recommended both to students and to general readers. Mr. Colvin here unites discrimination with that sympathy in the absence of which criticism deserves the shudder which it too often excites among the enthusiastic or the indolent. Besides giving a very interesting analysis of the peculiar qualities exhibited by the artists we have named in the region of child-design, he has carefully summed up their general value and position in art, and it may be specially noted to his honour as a critic that the magical attractiveness of Blake's genius, so strangely balanced between immaturity and perfection, has not seduced him from sobriety. Yet, though the illustrations to Blake's two early song-books deserve all Mr. Colvin's praises, we must own that we set Blake in this particular field higher even as poet than as painter. Rich as is the lyrical poetry of England—so rich, that it must, in our judgment, be decisively placed second to that of Greece alone amongst all Western literatures—it contains nothing in its way more perfect and more unique than some of the childless Blake's stanzas upon children. We could have wished to find room for a capital quotation from Mr. Colvin's essay on Flaxman. But we trust he will pardon us if the space be allotted to one or two of those lyrics, which, despite the excellent "Life" which we owe to the faithful care of Messrs. Gilchrist and Rossetti, are much less known than they should be.

The first is the "Nurse's Song":—

When the voices of children are heard on the green,  
And laughing is heard on the hill,  
My heart is at rest within my breast,  
And everything else is still.  
Then come home, my children, the sun is gone down,  
And the dews of night arise;  
Come, come, leave off play, and let us away,  
Till the morning appears in the skies.  
No, no, let us play, for it is yet day,  
And we cannot go to sleep;  
Besides, in the sky the little birds fly,  
And the hills are all cover'd with sheep.  
Well, well, go and play till the light fades away,  
And then go home to bed.  
The little ones leap'd and shouted and laugh'd,  
And all the hills echo'd.

INFANT JOY.

I have no name;  
I am but two days old.  
What shall I call thee?  
I happy am:  
Joy is my name.  
Sweet joy befall thee!  
Pretty joy!  
Sweet joy, but two days old!  
Sweet joy, I call thee.  
Thou dost smile;  
I sing the while,  
Sweet joy befall thee.

If any reader, with a turn for verse, thinks this, as he naturally may at first sight, an easy style of writing, we would only say, Let him just try! There is hardly a feat in literature, we believe, more difficult than that which Blake has here accomplished with an apparently effortless perfection.

#### CONINGTON'S MISCELLANEOUS WRITINGS.\*

THE Memoir of his friend which Professor H. J. Smith has prefixed to the collected edition of John Conington's Miscellaneous Writings is, as might have been expected of a life so uneventful, a record of mental activity rather than of external incidents; yet it cannot fail to interest those who look upon the late Professor of Latin as one who may be said to have revived the due appreciation of Virgil, as well as the love of classical translation. A survey of his life and remains is sufficient to prove that this twofold and kindred aim was his *métier* and hobby; and that the more he discerned the existence of a field for poetic taste and achievement—secondary it may be, and not involving the highest gifts—in the reproduction of the master-poems of antiquity, the more entirely his labours took that turn, and set aside for it, to a very great extent, an earlier bias for critical and philological research. Though the volumes before us afford, in the "Epistola Critica" to Gaisford, and in the reprint from the *Reinisches Museum* (1861) of an article on the second part of the "Fables of Babrius," sufficient proof that at all periods of Conington's life he was capable of critical efforts fit to win him a rank near our Parsons and Elmsleys, and beside the best of those German professors who were fain to hear more of him on such subjects than he could find room for in the pages of the *Edinburgh*, it is notable that nearly two-thirds of his collected miscellanies concern, directly or indirectly, the question of translation, especially in its connexion with his favourite field, that of Augustan literature. To this a sort of stimulus is given in the first instance in the Essay on the "Poetry of Pope," wherein the refinement of poetic style developed by Pope, and culminating with him, is paralleled with that perfection in the same line which Virgil and Horace alone represent in the Augustan age proper. To this also the Essays on "English Translations of Virgil," from the *Quarterly*, and on "Munro's Lucretius," from the *Edinburgh*, contribute in different ways; the one directly, the other by setting forth the grounds of the writer's preference for the perfect polish of Virgil to the rough, half-hewn marble of Lucretius. The same spirit animates, the same predilections underlie, the rest of the essays on Latin literature which go over earlier and later ground, as if to prove that to the Augustan development there exists nothing *simile aut secundum*: whilst, as if to stamp this as the chief design of the author's literary teaching, a prose version of the whole of Virgil's ascertained poetry is printed for the first time in the second volume. It is curious to inquire whence came this strong bias for a field of literary effort not generally deemed so high or worthy as that of conjectural and emendatory criticism; and the Memoir before us furnishes materials for the inquiry. We find in it that, before Conington left home for school, he had a thousand lines of Virgil in his head, and was an old hand at comparing translations of that poet with each other. His bent is discovered, whilst at Beverley School, which he left at thirteen, by his purchasing a copy of Sotheby's Homer with Flaxman's illustrations, for 1*l.* 15*s.*—a bargain no doubt, but a stiff price for the son of a Lincolnshire clergyman of obviously moderate means. At Rugby, to which he was removed, there were differences of opinion as to the amount of his general knowledge and his powers of thought and fancy. "The Doctor" rated these less highly than his gift of memory. His comrades gave him credit for imaginative and reasoning powers of a very high order. Possibly an imperfect sympathy between master and scholar may have had something to do with Dr. Arnold's estimate. Conington certainly seems to have been misunderstood by that great and able teacher in a matter of school police, if not of literary prowess. His one school scrape—which was, at the worst, non-interference with a mild lark of the fifth form—was visited with the loss of several places in the sixth, and with the penalty of translating the Second Book of Cicero's *De Republica*; a heavy penalty, it will be allowed, for a venial fault, and a piece of severity for which the Doctor should have been prescribed a course of reading in that genial satirist whose lessons of thoroughly human wisdom were the late Professor Conington's last work of translation. Readers may think variously of Arnold's subsequent intimation to Conington that he took, after a time, a less severe view of the matter. To us it seems that if Conington loved and revered the Doctor none the less to the end, a good deal of the credit is due to the admirable forgivingness and generosity of the boy-nature.

But possibly there may have been some ground for Arnold's estimate of young Conington's calibre. His early gifts certainly seem to have had memory in their front rank. A recollection of him when he first entered Oxford and read with Linwood, the great coach of University scholars and would-be classical Firsts, associates him more with powers of word-criticism and such

\* *Miscellaneous Writings of John Conington, late Corpus Professor of Latin in the University of Oxford.* Edited by J. A. Symonds, M.A., late Fellow of Magdalen. With a Memoir by H. J. S. Smith, M.A., Fellow of Balliol, Savilian Professor of Geometry, Oxford. 2 vols. London: Longmans & Co. 1872.

acuteness in various readings connected with Greek chorus as would consist with an extraordinary memory, than with genius and fancy such as would be exhibited in brilliant composition. His skill and discernment in handling a vexed chorus of Æschylus seemed nearly, if not quite, on a level with his tutor's; his Latin prose and Latin verse did not then strike fellow-pupils as so conspicuously superior. Perhaps this may account for his total failure to obtain the Newdigate for English verse, and, until after two attempts, to win the Latin verse; though it must be admitted that he got in one year the Ireland and the Hertford, in which composition, original and translated, counts of course for much. Our own theory is, that the gift which was strongest in Conington, that of interpreting a favourite epoch of classical authors, both by translation and by commentary, slumbered during the early period of his academic career, and that until his Latin Professorship fixed his aims and objects in 1854, there was an even chance of his going down to posterity as another emendator of Æschylus, born to clear the way for a few curious divers into critical depths, and not—as it happily turned out—as the interpreter to a very much wider range of readers of the distilled salt and sweetness of the great Augustan poets. Up to the turning point which we have indicated, there is as much of disappointment as of satisfaction in tracing the scholar's career—his failure in the effort to exchange the Oxford cloister for the Inns of Court, his temporary connexion with journalism, for success in which Professor Smith thinks his mind was too timid and too prone to balancing, his return to the University, and his resolve to settle down at literature. Of this period Conington gives his own interesting reminiscences in a letter, long afterwards, to Mr. Courthope:—

I was miserable till I found my *métier*—kept wasting myself in efforts which I could not myself approve or get others to approve, and at last, in despair, I returned to scholarship as something which I knew I could do, though as my world widened I had come to despise it as inadequate. Now I am reaping, I hope, the reward of those turbid years in a way that I had ceased to expect. I find that, though I cannot write any original verse, I can translate well enough to make it worth while continuing to do so. But this came to me, as you know, "longo post tempore."

The work of the intermediate period was, it is true, progressive and not retrograde. The edition of the *Choephore* is more faultless and memorable than the *Agamemnon*, though the latter had an English version annexed. But Conington's happiest years of work synchronize with his Virgilian labours, and the opening of a field for them through his Corpus Professorship. The winter of his discontent became a glorious summer to last for the rest of his days, whilst, as he worked at Virgil, he grew more and more weaned from the depreciatory criticism of that great poet which had been common in his early years, and learnt to feel all that sympathy with his art and genius which breathes in his lecture on the style of Lucretius and Catullus as compared with the poets of the Augustan age. Herein, more than in his religious opinions and feelings, more too than in his sympathies with University reform, which were liberal up to a certain point, consists the interest of his life; his vocation being to advocate and illustrate "the thorough word for word scrutiny of each work of a favourite author," not merely by professorial lectures, but by commentaries and translations, realizing the fullest idea of mastery of a given ancient author. Beginning the commentary on Virgil in 1852, he lived to publish two of the three volumes, and—with Mr. Nettleship's assistance—to have got well forward with the third. Our pages have from time to time done justice to this important work of scholarship, and it is pleasant to find Mr. Conington in one of his printed letters not only expressing his sense of this, but also promising to supply—what had been hinted at as an omission—"an examination into Virgil's place in literature" at the close of the work. *Pari passu* with his commentary he was wooing his old love of translators and translation. Not long after the publication of his first volume of the Virgil commentary he won a large measure of critical approval by his translation of the Odes of Horace. In 1866, three years later, he published a version of the *Æneid* in octosyllables, which, as Mr. Smith truly states, "conveys to English readers a just impression of the movement and life of the whole poem, and of the continued variety of its cadences, as well as some faint echo of its pathetic undertones." We accept, too, as fact, and not as the language of partial testimony, the statement in p. xlv. that "the book has been a favourite with the world at large—with the *virgines* and *pueri*—and probably has been read through by some who never did as much for any other original or translated epic."

In 1868 Professor Conington published a Spenserian version of the last twelve books of the Iliad, a task undertaken at first at the request of Mr. Philip Worsley on his death-bed, but one the charm of which so grew upon him that the labour of love became, before it was finished, in every sense a pleasure. Lastly, in 1869, the year of his death, he published a version of the "Satires, Epistles, and Ars Poetica of Horace," worthy to be read, for pleasure's sake, beside that of Mr. Theodore Martin, whilst for penetration of the deeper vein of Horace it has no equal. Mr. Smith thinks that this work has attracted comparatively little attention, and that the fault lies not in any defect of the translator's wit, or quickness to realize the flavour of the original, but in a certain arbitrariness on the part of the reading public. We have no notion what the sale-gauge might show as to the much or little appreciation of this volume, but we are certain that its merit is very high. A successful imitation of Cowper's style, with a greater infusion of colloquialisms; a system of introduction

of compensatory points, the ratio of which is pointed out in pp. lxiv.-v., and which, within due bounds, cannot but give strength and life to translation: a wise alternation of closeness and paraphrase, are the constituents of a work which, if it failed to obtain unanimity of applause at the first, is not the less sure to win and retain steady literary favour. We make no apology for quoting Mr. Smith's account of Professor Conington's method in that practice of translation whereby "he became an interpreter of the ancient world to his own generation in a larger sense than he ever could have been as a mere commentator":—

He used to learn some couple of hundred lines of his original by heart (if indeed they were not already present to his memory) and then work out his version in his head, sometimes in hours regularly set apart for the purpose, but often at odd times, as in a solitary walk, or on a railway journey, or before he rose in the morning. He used in this way to get through his work with great rapidity, sometimes not writing down each batch of verses till it was quite ready for the press.

The deeply interesting details of his religious searchings at one period of his life, and of the nature and end of his last illness, though rightly communicated by the biographer to the reader, are beyond our province; but it is simple justice to point out, what a wise selection from Professor Conington's correspondence sufficiently shows, how nobly and affectionately he created and sustained a personal influence with younger men during the whole course of his professional life. With them he worked heartily, not in the academic routine merely, but in the intercourse of vacation and relaxation. They will know better than any outside observer what he was to his own circle of intimates. Judged by others, it is possible that he might be found wanting in the quality of fun and humour, and credited instead with a primness and formality which are not in truth inconsistent with his canons of literary composition. Capable of rising in criticism, had he chosen, to heights neighbouring those of Bentley or of Porson—capable, as he shows himself in a noble passage in his Inaugural Lecture (pp. 219-20), of realizing and describing the attitude of the true scholar—he seems to have shrunk from handling, as those great critics did, the trenchant weapon of ridicule; he held even the darts and shafts of pleasantry to be a trifle undignified. One sees this where, in his able and appreciative criticism of Munro's "Lucretius," he finds himself constrained to notice that pleasant scholar's "neglect of literary conventionalities," and maintains that modern criticism "ought to express itself after the manner of English literary precedents; and that an editor of the Classics ought to aim at a style as classical as that of the Historian of the *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, to study the critical manner of a writer like Hallam, and even at times to dress himself by the glass of Lord Macaulay" (p. 237). It is conceivable that some readers may be found to adopt this over-starched view; yet it is not the less certain that the freshness and even eccentricity of style which, caught from the elder critics, enlivens Professor Munro's notes, is no bad viaticum wherewith to journey through an ancient classic without tiring. Some allowance may be claimed for diversities of taste.

As connected with the moot question of maintaining the ascendancy of the classics in our schools and colleges, Mr. Conington's essay from the *Contemporary* on a "Liberal Education" deserves as careful study as his golden words on the academical study of Latin. His essays on "Early and Late Roman Epic and Tragedy" are the nucleus of that history of Roman Literature which Mr. Conington might so well have written, and which some one, sooner or later, must arise to write. Those on English Literature, on Pope, and on Shakespeare's *Lear* and *Hamlet*, bear witness to the qualities and habits of mind which a classical training specially develops and forms. The *pièce de résistance* of the second volume—a prose version of the *Bucolics*, *Georgics*, and *Æneid*, which was designed for the eventual complement of the author's Virgilian labours—is memorable as a graceful and sonorous whole, in which flaws are so scarce that we have desisted none in the space of some dozens of test-passages. In some future notice of Virgil's coming translators we may have occasion to recur to this valuable prose version; at present we can only thank Mr. Symonds for having included it in the range of his ably fulfilled task.

#### DR. GLADSTONE ON FARADAY.\*

There will scarcely, it would seem, be any likelihood of a failure or stint, within the limits of the present generation at least, in the affectionate interest which lingers round the scientific services and the personal worth of Faraday. We have had the eloquent and glowing *éloge* of Professor Tyndall, and the more copious, if less lifelike or stirring, volumes of Dr. Bence Jones, not to speak of well nigh countless minor memoirs or notices in *memoriam*. Throughout the continent of Europe, and wherever in East or West science has made itself a centre and a home, witness has been borne to the gains which his rare genius has brought to the general knowledge of nature, and to the blank which his loss has made painfully felt among the cultivators of physical truth. Of the testimonials to his memory which have come to us from abroad we have had perhaps the most typical specimen in the *éloge* of Faraday by M. Dumas, the eminent chemist, at the Paris Academy of Sciences. Here the rivalry engendered by

\* Michael Faraday. By J. H. Gladstone, Ph.D., F.R.S. London: Macmillan & Co. 1872.

zeal in a common pursuit is subdued and lost in admiration for a character which, in its modesty and self-forgetfulness, had a spell against every power of jealousy or ill-will. The utter absence of self-interest, the unconscious subordination of all mercenary or ambitious motives to the advancement of truth and the benefit of society, was a feature in the moral aspect of this consummate philosopher to be best appreciated by those whose special studies led them along the same track of discovery, and to whom he was for ever holding out an ungrudging hand as fellow-traveller, counsellor, and guide. The simplicity of his heart, his candour, his ardent love of truth, his cordial interest in the successes and his ingenuous admiration of the discoveries of others, his natural modesty in regard to what he himself discovered, his noble soul, independent and bold—all these gifts combined, in the fervid language of M. Dumas, with unsurpassed powers of intellect to give an incomparable charm to the nature of the great physicist. Among foreign *savants* we might point to M. A. de la Rive as one who has dwelt in the most appreciative spirit upon the methods of investigation most characteristic of Faraday's genius, together with the spirit of truthfulness which, like a talisman, seemed to ward off every danger to which his mighty gift of imagination might expose its master. An exquisite scientific tact, like a presentiment of the possible, kept him from straying into what might prove false or fantastic. Hence it was that what seemed like dangerously leaving the beaten track and giving the rein to the imaginative faculty, futile or harmful as it might be in the case of mediocre minds, frequently led to vast and valuable results in the case of Faraday.

It is the strong sense of personal relation between the writer and the subject of his biography that gives its special value to Dr. Gladstone's recent volume of reminiscences. Containing little of new matter, and far from being a model either of literary style or of philosophical thought, this short memoir would otherwise call for scarcely more notice than many an ordinary magazine article, for which lowly and transient destination it appears to have been in the first instance intended. Intimately associated however as the writer was for years with one so consummate, not only in experimental work but in the intuitive flash which his genius seemed to throw into the dark places of nature, there could hardly fail to be impressed upon the mind of his assistant and pupil something that to the outside world might speak of the master, might carry on his teaching, and reflect the glory of his intellect. To be trained under the discipline and in habitual contact with the methods pursued by the first of experimentists, seems to have been felt as a privilege, and as a plea for any amount of hero-worship. If the result of a certain veneration even for the ground trodden by his master is to throw a halo of disproportionate or exaggerated light over the pettiest details of act and speech, it may be urged on behalf of Dr. Gladstone that simplicity and the absence of stirring events were the conditions of life set by the character itself which forms his model. It is only by multiplication of slight traits and unstudied indications that a personality so averse to display, so absolutely unconscious of self, is to be realized to the eyes of the world at large. A life more baffling to the efforts of a biographer it would be difficult to conceive, owing even less to its uneventful flow than to the equable and undemonstrative temperament which pervaded it throughout. The same thing may be said of that which by common consent formed the ground of Faraday's intellectual glory—his method of working. Brilliant, never failing, almost unique, as it seemed to the eyes of the beholder, he was himself probably the least conscious of its secret, the least able to analyse and define its logic. Although Faraday was not a mathematician, we have the witness of one of the first of mathematical physicists, Sir W. Thomson, to his power of divining the results of mathematical investigation. Moreover, what has proved of infinite value to mathematicians themselves, he has given them an articulate language in which to express their thoughts. The whole language of the "magnetic field" and "lines of force" is Faraday's. The chapter in which Dr. Gladstone brings together the concurrent testimony of experts in many cognate branches of science, the most expressive and valuable portion of his book, abounds in proof of this faculty of reasoning by an implicit rather than a conscious or an avowed method. Faraday's power of appreciating an *a priori* argument was weak compared with his rapid and intuitive grasp of facts. "I was never able," he tells us, "to make a fact my own without seeing it, and the descriptions of the best books altogether failed to convey to my mind such a knowledge of things as to allow myself to form a judgment upon them." If Grove, or Wheatstone, or Gassiot, or any other friend, told him a new fact, and wanted his opinion either of its value or its cause, or what evidence it could give on any subject, he never could say anything until he had seen the fact. For the same reason he found himself unable to work, as some professors do most extensively, by the agency of students and pupils. All the work had to be his own. This peculiarity was in no wise due, we may be sure, to any lack of imagination, a faculty in which Faraday was supreme among men of science. It was more closely connected with what Mr. Mallet, illustrating his meaning by an anecdote personal to himself, terms an experimental instinct. It grew out of his ineradicable love of truth. Not that he looked upon a fact as a hard, isolated, or soulless thing, or that he placed himself before his apparatus without a preconceived idea of what was to be elicited from its use. It was simply that the prescience which forms a main element in genius had for its safeguard with him an instinctive caution which led to

his verifying every step from first to last. Then, his intermediate scepticism overcome, and his conclusion made clear to his eyes, he would maintain the new truth, if need be, against the world. "The thing I am proudest of," were his words to an associated labourer, "is that I have never been found to be wrong." And though this boast is taken by his biographer to hold good only of the early part of his scientific history, there is no doubt that the rarity of his mistakes was something wholly beyond example in the records of physical discovery. M. de la Rive goes the length of questioning whether Faraday was ever caught in a mistake. Still, if not absolutely true, this eulogy does scarcely more than justice to the exquisite balance which the wariness of Faraday's judgment at all times kept with the hardihood wherewith he would enter upon the pathway of experiment.

Of the value of Faraday's discoveries, into which Dr. Gladstone enters in his closing chapters, it is impossible to form a definite estimate, whether from the point of view of strict science or of the impulse they have given to industrial and commercial interests. Time only can set bounds to the claims upon the gratitude and reverence of mankind which grow out of the discoveries freely given forth by him, without a thought of personal interest or reward. Warned by Davy that science was a mistress who paid badly, he deliberately made his choice, and never grew cold or niggard in his service. Not that he at any time, after getting fairly into work, felt the pressure of penury, or was straitened in any of the necessities of life. The modest official stipend which he pronounced adequate to his positive wants was eked out to no inconsiderable extent by private work, not to speak of the pension which was all but forced upon him in 1835. In 1830 his gains from chemical analyses and other professional engagements amounted to 1,000*l.*, and in the next year to much more. Of what Faraday might have made by turning to profit his brilliant series of discoveries, were it only that of the evolution of electricity from magnetism, or that of specific inductive capacity, the germ of electro-telegraphic enterprise, the fortune amassed by any individual inventor furnishes no adequate conception. Without claiming for himself the actual parentage of the telegraphic system, or taking a share in its practical development, he was ever ready with hints and tentative processes in aid of the new enterprise. Delighting in the name of "philosopher," as a lover of knowledge for its own sake, and familiar as perhaps no other man has ever been with the primary and ultimate forces of nature, he could leave it contentedly to others to bring down and apply to practical use those varied elements of power which lay in magnetism and electricity, heat and light, gravitation and galvanism, chemical affinity and mechanical motion. His great reward lay in every successive burst of light which made clearer his favourite thought that these various forces were the changing forms of a Proteus, which he ever sought to grasp in its unity and its individual shape. Dr. Gladstone pictures him with sparkling eyes and quickened breath dancing round his magnets when the coiled wire gave signs of an electric wave, or coruscated with sparks; when he saw what had always been looked upon as permanent gases liquefy like common vapour under the constraint of pressure and cold; when his electro-static theory seemed to break down the barrier between conductors and insulators, and many other barriers besides; when he sent a ray of polarized light through a piece of heavy glass between the poles of an electric magnet, and on making contact saw that his plane of polarization rotated, or, as he said, the light was magnetized; and when he watched pieces of bismuth, or crystals of Iceland spar, or bubbles of oxygen, ranging themselves in definite form and figure in the magnetic field. In his speculations on matter and force, on the nature of atoms and imponderable agents, it was his aim in his maturer works to purify his mind more and more, in the words of Helmholtz, from everything that is theoretical and that is not the direct and simple expression of the fact. It is just in this direction that he is recognized by the same high authority as having exercised the most unmistakable influence upon the science of his day, first of all upon English physicists.

There are not many particulars that Dr. Gladstone has to add to what previous biographers of Faraday have been able to furnish of his personal history or of his preparatory training. We notice one point which is new and full of interest, as upon it may have turned the whole of his subsequent career. From some remarks made by Faraday himself to Lady Burdett Coutts, it would appear that his introduction to Davy was due to the agency of M. Masquerier, the artist and *émigré*, who lodged with the youth's master Ribau, and who, struck with young Faraday's intelligence and zeal for learning, had both given him lessons and found him employment. It was through this recommendation, when Davy was suffering from the injury to his eyes from an explosion of chloride of nitrogen, in October 1812, that Faraday became his amanuensis, though only, as he himself has stated, for a few days. The ice thus broken, it would be an easier step on the part of the young aspirant to science to press his suit for employment, which placed him in the post of assistant to the great chemist. From the Corporation of the Trinity House Dr. Gladstone has derived many details of the services rendered by Faraday towards the improvement of the lighthouse system, with especial reference to the electric light. The few anecdotes which he has brought together from sources not hitherto available combine to set in a more striking light than ever the strong sense of duty, the singleness of character, and the sweetness of temper

which, blended with consummate powers of intellect and unswerving fidelity to truth, raise a Faraday to the foremost rank among those whom mankind have venerated and loved.

#### THE JAPANESE IN AMERICA.\*

THE opening of Japan to the Western races suggests a number of curiously interesting questions. The peculiarities of a civilization which has grown up in such complete isolation may be expected to present many instructive points of contrast and resemblance to our own. Though we have learnt much about the Japanese, there is still a wide field of investigation for competent observers. But though we are always glad to know what any intelligent person has to say about Japan, it would perhaps be still more interesting to know what intelligent Japanese have to say about us. What do they think of our religion, our social and political customs, our newspapers, railways, manufactures, and a thousand other things which to them are entire novelties? They seem to be so inquiring and intelligent a race, and have so much originality, that their suggestions might perhaps be useful to ourselves, but might at any rate be expected to reflect a great deal of light upon the persons who make them. The book, therefore, which we are about to review is very attractive in title and in its external aspect. It consists of three parts; the first gives an account of the reception of the Japanese Embassy in the United States; the second consists of a collection of essays written by Japanese students in America; whilst the third is a kind of small blue-book upon America, prepared under the direction of the Japanese Minister at Washington and intended for circulation in Japan. Here, then, is an attractive bill of fare; and we begin to read in the hope of enjoying the rare treat of seeing ourselves—for from the Japanese point of view the differences between Englishmen and Americans vanish—as others see us, and thereby discovering how far others are capable of appreciating our many virtues and talents.

The first section of the book is from this point of view decidedly disappointing. It describes the reception of the Embassy at San Francisco, at Washington, and at various other places, mentions the "superb banquets" which were given to them by "leading citizens," and reports the eloquent addresses which were made on all hands. This is all very well; but we feel that it does not give us much insight into Japanese character. There are few less exhilarating kinds of reading in the world than official reports of State ceremonials; and even when the hosts are stern Republicans and the guests representatives of a strange Empire, hidden until recently in the mists of primeval darkness, the chief remark that occurs to us is that every State ceremonial is remarkably like every other. The Chief Ambassador remarks with the utmost propriety that "commerce, following in the path of our first friendly relations, has been an active agent in drawing our respective countries nearer together in the strongest bonds of friendship"; and retails a few more platitudes as decorously as if he had been a member of one of the Royal families of Europe performing his regular duty in receiving deputations. The Vice-Ambassador afterwards takes his turn, and goes through the list of the various improvements introduced into Japan, in a series of remarks for all the world like a Queen's Speech at the opening of Parliament. And so the chapter goes on to the reception by General Grant and the House of Representatives, and the "splendid social entertainment" provided by the Hon. James Brooks. It is all very proper, and we dare say that the entertainments and receptions were not a greater bore than usual at the time when they occurred, but, to say the truth, we had rather be excused from reading about them.

We therefore turn, in the hope of better things, to the students' essays. It seems that there are at the present moment two hundred Japanese students at different colleges in the United States who are eagerly occupied in assimilating Western knowledge. Mr. Mori, the Japanese Ambassador, is naturally regarded by them as their protector, and they are in the habit of sending him essays as proofs of the progress which they have made. We are told that none of them have been studying English for more than five, and many of them for not more than one or two years, and that the essays are therefore remarkable proofs of their ability to write what the editor is pleased to call "good Anglo-Saxon." We should have been glad to receive a rather more distinct statement as to the fidelity with which these essays have been reproduced. That they are not substantially altered is indeed plain enough, but we have some suspicion that mistakes in grammar and spelling may possibly have been corrected. If not, we must admit that the Japanese students have really shown remarkable skill in acquiring a foreign language so different from their own. Though the essays are for the most part boyish enough, and make no real pretensions to literary merit, they are almost entirely free from downright blunders in language. We are the more inclined to think that the work has been faithfully reproduced, because the power of imitation is most singularly developed in other respects. The Japanese students have adopted not merely the language but the thoughts of their teachers; they write so distinctly from an American point of view that it is difficult to remember their foreign origin. Many of the essays, we strongly suspect, are little more than attempts to reproduce the lectures which the authors had been attending; and, with two or

three exceptions, we are unable to detect anything that can be called exclusively Japanese. We take at random an essay written by a youth called Enouyé, on the strength and weakness of Republics. He sets out with just the set of commonplaces that one might expect from nine lads out of ten at an American college. The Declaration of Independence and the French Revolution, he tells us, have upset the old doctrine of the Divine Right of Kings, and "the whole political heaven is charged with Republican electricity. The explosion will come sooner or later . . . despots tremble on their thrones," and so on. Then we are told how equal rights and the power of the meanest citizen to rise to the highest honours of the State are a great source of strength in Republics. This proposition is illustrated by the vigour displayed in the First Revolution by the Jacobin Government of France. The same moral is deduced from the late American war; and from the devotion excited by Washington. Turning to the other side of the question, Franklin is quoted to prove that Republican Legislatures are often selfish. Their forms again involve a want of energy in war, for which reason the Romans created the office of Dictator. Finally, demagogues do a great deal of mischief, as is proved by the case of Alcibiades. It is plain that this is a mere schoolboy essay, which it would be absurd to criticize. The odd thing is that the young Japanese has become so thoroughly imbued with Western ideas that he does not make a single remark bearing in any way upon Japan, and his illustrations are all drawn from European history. Every word might have been written by a lad in a middle-class examination in England to whom Japan was as unknown as London is to the Japanese.

The same is true of most of the other essays. In one or two, however, we catch sight of the real human being. Mr. Mori, it appears, has rather unnecessarily, as we fancy, censured the students for making sarcastic remarks about America, for fear of producing unkind feeling. Americans are touchy, as we know to our cost, but surely they could bear a sarcasm or two from a Japanese student in a college essay. However this may be, one or two of the writers have been allowed to express their feelings. An essay on "The Practical Americans" is an attack on the dollar-worship of the country, which is expressed with a good deal of vigour, and winds up with a very sensible remark. Though the Americans, says the author, "neglect their moral training at home, they send missionaries to teach the wretched heathen to be good, and at the same time send a company of practical men who show their practicability by extracting the riches in every way, and, when they could, by cheating those men whom their fellow-countrymen undertake to teach—to be what?—to be good!" Yet even in this bit of satire we must confess that there is not much originality. The Japanese student is in fact only repeating the remarks which he has read in American or English books, without giving them any special colouring. It is perhaps characteristic that the prejudice against missionaries which appears in the last passage finds expression more than once. The students speak respectfully of Christianity, and one or two of them would appear to be Christians. The others do not, for obvious reasons, admit that the Christian religion deserves to be regarded as the sole embodiment of truth, but look at it pretty much after the manner of Chunder Sen. This kind of enlightened toleration of Christianity, however, does not extend to the missionaries. Mr. Toyama addresses a very smart letter to "the gentlemen of the Missionary Societies," requesting them very emphatically to stay at home. Toyama argues, as some people have done on this side of the world, that it is absurd to talk about "free religion" on behalf of priests whose only object is to enslave people by playing upon their ignorance. This is pointed at the Jesuits, but he is careful to explain that he does not think much better of the Protestants. He sums up his remarks by saying that he objects to sending out missionaries, "because they are both the fathers of ignorance and the enemies of free religion. On this question depends the whole future of our countrymen. It depends on the issue of this question whether they are to become the Eastern Irishmen or the Eastern Yankees." Another curious essay by the same student describes a visit to a Roman Catholic church. He admires the music, but regards the sermons and ceremonies from a somewhat Voltairian point of view; and he winds up with the following paragraph, which is the most epigrammatic piece of writing in the book:—

From what I saw and heard I shall always believe Mr. Preacher when he says that his church alone has stood firm and unchanged, because it was shocking to imagine that it ever was or can ever be any worse. But, to tell the truth, it is my greatest desire that these Churches will not change, at least while I stay in this country, because, henceforth, whenever I may get homesick, I will go to one of the Roman Catholic churches and feel that I am in one of the dear Buddha temples of far-off Japan.

Mr. Toyama is evidently a very clever fellow. The others may at least boast that they have learnt to write English remarkably well, and have assimilated, even too completely, the ideas of the surrounding medium. We are still, however, almost as far off as ever from obtaining any clear answer to the question, What do the Japanese think of us? We turn therefore in despair to the last lecture. Here we have a statistical account of the United States, of the political and social institutions, the rate of wages, the price of land, and a number of other interesting matters, which is indeed a very respectable compilation, and appears to be sensible and impartial enough when it ventures into expressions of opinion. It has, however, the peculiarity, which for our purpose is slightly annoying, that it tells us not what the Japanese think of America, but simply what an American thinks the Japanese would like to

\* *The Japanese in America*. By Charles Lanman, American Secretary to the Japanese Legation in Washington. London: Longmans & Co. 1872.

know about America—which is a very different thing. And thus we close the book with a sense of general disappointment. The students' essays are curious, though chiefly as illustrating the Japanese talent for mimicry; but the rest of the book, though not exactly worthless, is certainly not worth reading by any English inquirer into the Japanese mind.

#### DEAN STANLEY ON THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.\*

SCOTLAND and Religion are a conjunction which would seem in popular opinion to portend danger and disaster to whoever shall rashly come in its way. Most men would have shunned it with a lively terror; Dean Stanley has faced it manfully, and treated it neither in fear nor hatred, but in all Christian kindness and sincerity. Yet even among Scotsmen he has found praise and sympathy in many quarters, and tolerance in nearly all. In this phenomenon strangers may see that Scottish fanaticism is not the grim wild beast it is often taken for, and the opportunity is perhaps a good one for an examination of the real elements of that peculiar religious spirit which has reaped for Scotland so much homage from some and so much censure from others.

For one thing, indifference is not very ill used in Scotland. The "Laodicean Latitudinarian," as he is termed, whatever may have been his fate of old, is let alone at the present day. Strangers who have had opportunities of mixing in Edinburgh with good and scholarly society have returned with their minds enlarged by several novelties, and especially they have been put right if they had ever nourished the notion that every Scotch gentleman is a grim fanatic. The indignation of the zealous sort does not alight upon the "parcus deorum cultor et infrequens," but on the worshipper of false gods. To rouse the Scotsman you must be zealous, but zealous in the wrong direction. If you are lukewarm, you are merely no participator in the blessed lot which awaits him. But if you seek that lot in another way than his, you are the wolf getting into the sheepfold, and must be manfully withstood. Among the gentry of Scotland there is much less religion than among the English of the same class. The laird is an adept in purely secular literature. He has his bookcases filled with the works of Hume, Gibbon, Voltaire, Diderot, Bayle, and other heterodox teachers. He never goes to church save for some secular purpose or etiquette, and partakes not in "sealing ordinances." His excuse is that he is Episcopalian in his leanings, and that there happens to be no church of that denomination within a reasonable distance of his mansion; but it is well known that he shows no excessive zeal in the reparation of his losses when his opportunities are improved. His gardener is also a man of knowledge in his way, knows a little Latin perhaps, and is deep both in the practice and the science of horticulture. He belongs to the United Presbyterian connexion, and of course he would give notice at once if he were asked to pluck a basket of strawberries on "the Lord's Day." Yet by him, and such as him quite independent of the laird, that laird is respected. And the odd part of the matter—and what shows the danger of dealing with such questions in mere blacks and whites—is that, if the laird joined the United Presbyterian persuasion and stood as an elder at "the brod at the kirk door" receiving the halfpence of his gardener and the other devotees of that thoroughly evangelical denomination, he would probably not be so much respected, even by its members, as he is while yet unregenerate and walking in the Valley of the Shadow of Death. His conduct would be looked on—or unconsciously felt, let us rather say—in the way in which the conduct of a gentleman is felt when he takes advantage of any cheap enjoyment, made cheap that it may be within the reach of the poor. In Aberdeen, the Northern stronghold of Episcopacy, there was a small chapel called St. Paul's, which to preserve itself from the penal laws against the nonjurors had managed to attach itself in some mysterious manner to the Establishment of England. It was a dingy temple, hiding itself from scrutiny "down a close." But it was the place of worship of the county gentry, who were Hanoverian, but not Presbyterian. It used to be noticed that on occasion of a general charitable collection this one "chapel," as it was termed, contributed more than all the other churches of the city, Established or Dissenting. It was the assembly of the rich, and they were the assemblies of the poor.

No one perhaps has so clearly brought out as Dean Stanley the peculiar antagonism, the spirit of protest and of independent action, that has pervaded all vital expressions of religious influence in Scotland. It is exemplified in this instance. The poor man had a comforting self-satisfaction in his religion, and if he could have searched his heart with impartiality he would have found that much of that satisfaction came from its being a peculiar possession of his own in which his rich neighbour did not participate. That neighbour had his wealth, his luxuries, his social position and power; but Lazarus had something better than them all in a sort of investment in the next world. Then there was in all this the gratification of the national hankering after independence. How could this be more emphatically exhibited than when the landlord and the tenant, the master and the man, went off in opposite directions at those points where the most vital interests of mankind were represented?

There was wisdom in that saying of a foreigner referred to by the Dean, that the religionists of Scotland are not sects but parties. The practical exemplification of this lets us see how the religionists have kept so much fiery matter within them, and yet could deal with the world outside in a calm, sagacious, and tolerant fashion. The "Secession" left the Church of Scotland early in last century, not because they had adopted a new revelation, but because, as they maintained, the Church of Scotland had departed from "the good old ways." Speedily the Secession in Scotland broke into two bodies about an oath to be administered to members of corporations, and there was "the Burgher Secession" and the "Antiburgher Secession." A transverse section divided each of these bodies into two, in such wise that there were "the New Light Burghers and the Old Light Burghers, the New Light Antiburghers and the Old Light Antiburghers." All these were too much occupied in a cross fire of anathematization among each other to trouble the rest of the world. There is a story of a parcel of schoolboys getting into a church or meeting-house belonging to a Burgher connexion. The beadle or "kirk officer," seeking to restore order, has caught a ringleader, whereupon there comes an infantine cry from a corner, "Hit him hard, hit him hard, his feyther's an Antiburgher." If it is difficult to suppose intolerance taking a more humble and paltry shape, it is also difficult to suppose it taking a more harmless one.

We do not believe that in any work, whether historical or expository, by a native Scotch ecclesiastic, the characteristic features of the religious changes and revolutions in Scotland have been so clearly and forcibly expressed as they are in this book. It is the privilege of the stranger to give the most expressive portrait of a people's aspect, but to take advantage of his opportunity he must be endowed with knowledge, acuteness, and the power of description. The effect of the Dean's clearness of description and contrast is to impress one strongly with the secularity of the causes which have always been at the root of the peculiarities of religious activity in Scotland. At the beginning of the book there is a point of separate interest, the question whether anything has recently come to light to support the story told by Bede of the relic of Roman Christianity which subsisted for a short time in Galloway under the pastoral supremacy of St. Ninian; and it will be of importance to those who hold that there is such confirmation, to read and consider the Dean's commentary on some early Christian monuments figured in Dr. Stuart's *Sculptured Stones of Scotland*. Of the more substantial and permanent planting of the Church through the mission of St. Columba we have the following sketch:—

A council of the Irish clergy had met and driven him forth as an excommunicated outcast. In the council—so runs the story—was one of the two mysterious Irish saints who bore the name of Brendan. Saint Brendan, when the excommunicated man appeared in the council, rose up and embraced him. The whole council burst into exclamations of horror. "You would do as I have done," said Brendan; "and you would never have excommunicated him, if you saw what I see."

Such excommunicated men have been seen in Scotland and in England often since. They may be seen at this moment in Rome, in Paris, and in Munich. There was a freedom and justice in this old Celtic conception of true greatness, which even at this day we have hardly obtained. Columba is not the only excommunicated man who, to the eyes of the truly discerning, has had beside him angels, and before him a pillar of fire. Brendan was right in thinking, "a pillar of fire before him and the angels of heaven beside him. I dare not disdain a man predestined by God to be the guide of an entire people to eternal life."

It is a story which teems with instruction. His career remains a glorious proof how the ban of the visible Church against the moving spirits of mankind may turn out to be vanity of vanities. Whatever the shortcomings of Columba, St. Brendan was right in saying, that we cannot afford to "disdain a man predestined to be the evangeliser and apostle of such a nation as Scotland."

The other recollections of Iona are of a later age. The *Martyrs' Bay*—the white beach opposite to Mull, which derives its name from the massacre of the natives by Danish pirates, is the spot on which the funeral processions from the surrounding islands have disembarked their mournful freights, and placed them on a rude mound at the curve of the shore. Thence they were borne, kings of Scotland, kings of Norway, lords of the Isles, to the cemetery consecrated by the neighbourhood of Columba's bones, but deriving its name from his companion of dubious fame, the indiscreet Oran. It is the oldest regal cemetery of Great Britain—before Dunfermline, before Holyrood, before Westminster, before Windsor. It is further the most continuously ancient cemetery of the world. In none other have the remains of the dead been laid through an unbroken track of one thousand three hundred years, beginning with Columba and his companions, ending with the shipwrecked mariners of a few years ago.

And as it is the most venerable cemetery of the Celtic race, so also is it marked by that singular characteristic of Celtic countries—the union of tenacious reverence with reckless neglect, which only within our own time the care of the present owner, worthy of the precious possession entrusted to his charge, has endeavoured to rectify and prevent. With Oran's cemetery ends the true historic connexion of Iona with Columba. The cathedral of Iona, with its Norman arches, carries us both by its style and its name to a region far removed from the first Celtic missionary. The architecture tells of its origin from the half-Norman Margaret, under whose auspices the royal funerals were transferred from Iona to Dunfermline, indicating the transfer of sanctity from these western islands to the seat of Lowland government. The name of "cathedral" tells how far the Church of Scotland had, in the fourteenth century, drifted away from the days when the abbot of Iona was supreme over the Hebrides, and when no episcopal chair had constituted any Scottish church into a cathedral. But of that long medieval history of Iona nothing, or next to nothing, has come down to us. The last historic picture which the sacred island presents us is but within fifty years of Columba's death, when the French bishop Arculf, driven by stress of weather on his return from the Holy Land, found a refuge in the humble tenement of the Abbot Adamnan, and where Adamnan took down from his mouth the only description of Palestine that exists between the fall of the Roman Empire and the Saracenic occupation. We see, as we read the disjointed record, the traveller telling, the abbot questioning, till the whole story was at last recorded in its present rude form.

It was not till the close of the eighteenth century that the fame of Columba once again attracted to these distant shores a pilgrim from the

\* *Lectures on the History of the Church of Scotland*, Delivered in Edinburgh in 1872. By Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, D.D. London: Murray, 1872.

world of letters, as illustrious as ever was drawn from regal or episcopal thrones—and that the Holy Island received a new canonization in the immortal sentence which now springs to the memory of every educated Englishman when Iona is named:—"We were now treading that illustrious island which was once the luminary of the Caledonian regions. That man is little to be envied whose patriotism will not gain force on the plains of Marathon, or whose piety will not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona."

In the ninth century Iona was wrecked and plundered by the Norsemen, who found it on their way to Ireland, where they were establishing a principality with Dublin as its capital. From this period to the Norman Conquest of England there was little religion in Scotland. The priesthood were a selfish, luxurious, half secular class of men, called Culdees. What property the Church had got was becoming lay property, either by the lapses of these men or the aggressions of the lay aristocracy. The only prince on record as a benefactor of the Church seems to have been that exceedingly notorious miscreant Macbeth. It would be hard to find in Scotland any trace of that millenary frenzy which swept over Europe as the period of the first thousand years of Christianity was drawing to a close, though its influence was so powerfully felt in England as one of the great promoters of the Norman Conquest. By this event, to be sure, the revival spirit passed on to Scotland, but by a sort of reactionary influence, when Margaret, the sister of the English Atheling, married King Malcolm. The subsisting relics of the old English Court—the Court sanctified by the just departed Edward the Confessor—became a part of the Court of Scotland, now brought its sanctity with it. It will be seen with clearness and point in the Dean's description how the English spirit ruled and recast the Church of Scotland, until the Battle of Bannockburn set adrift everything associated with "the old enemies of England." Ever after that period, it is no bad rule in estimating the motives at the root of all political action in Scotland to attribute it to enmity with England. But there came in upon the growing hostility towards the old Church other influences equally secular and more substantial. It has been said, in words which the Dean's courtesy to his audience would not have permitted him to use had they occurred to him, that the Reformation was carried because the aristocracy wanted to take the wealth of the Church, and the Covenant was carried because they wanted to keep that wealth. At the same time the determination not to be ruled from England gave great assistance to the baser motive; the people would be Presbyterian, or anything, rather than accept the Service Book and the canons dictated to them from the head of the English Church. After the Restoration the same spirit took even a wilder and fiercer shape. Scotland was then well tired of fanatical explosions, and would have sat down in peace with any moderate religious code, provided it had been self-suggested. But again English prelatry was to be thrust on them, and this time not by threats, but by the actual thrust of the bayonet. True, it was their own factious politicians rather than Englishmen that conducted the persecution; but it was English in tone and origin, and the people were too infuriated to see it in any other light. To the spirit thus raised to fiery heat at the time of the Revolution we owe much of the fanaticism which Scotland has since nourished in her bosom; and perhaps to the abundance of secular elements in the causes of that fanaticism we may be indebted for the agreeable peculiarity that the fanaticism has not been so mischievous as other fanaticisms have been—that, to use a common Scotch expression, "its bark is waur than its bite."

The Union of 1707 in a curious manner fixed the existing conditions of that year as a perpetuity. Scotland was cooling down from the hot passions of fifteen years earlier. There was a considerable Episcopalian feeling throughout the country. Presbyterianism, however, had still the working majority. The Union could not be carried save through this majority, particularly as it represented the anti-Jacobite Lowlands. Accordingly it fixed down its conditions very firmly, and it may be said that it is owing rather to the good faith of England in keeping to its obligations than to the later conditions of religious feeling in Scotland that the Established Church is Presbyterian. We conclude with Dean Stanley's description of the externals of these conditions as a characteristic specimen of his gift of picturesque generalization. Our readers will not fail to observe how completely the rival meeting of the Free Kirk Assembly has slipped out of the picture:—

The very first declaration which the Sovereign makes—taking precedence even of the recognition of the rights and liberties of the English Church and nation, which are postponed till the day of the coronation—is that in which, on the day of the accession, the Sovereign declares that he or she will maintain inviolate and intact the Church of Scotland. That which was signed by Her Majesty may be seen in the Register House of Edinburgh, and has the peculiar interest of being the first signature of her name as Queen. There is a large blank left, in the doubt which was then not yet solved, whether one or more of her names would be used, and the single name therefore stands—alone of all her signatures—in a space too ample for the word; and immediately following comes, after the signature of the Princes of the Blood Royal, the name of the dignified and cautious Primate who then filled the see of Canterbury. In the Act of Union itself, which prescribes this declaration, the same securities are throughout exacted for the Church of Scotland as were exacted for the Church of England; and it is on record that, when that Act was passed, and some question arose amongst the Peers as to the propriety of so complete a recognition of the Presbyterian Church, the then Primate of all England, the "old rock," as he was called, Archbishop Tenison, rose, and said, with a weight which carried all objections before it, "The narrow notions of all Churches have been their ruin. I believe that the Church of Scotland, though not so perfect as ours, is as true a Protestant Church as the Church of England."

No Scotsman, no Englishman can see the meeting of the General Assem-

bly in Edinburgh without feeling that it is the chief national institution of the northern Kingdom. No other ecclesiastical assembly in the realm meets with such a solemn and distinct recognition, with such a pomp and circumstance of royalty, with such a well-ordered and well-understood tradition of rights and privileges and duties.

What is thus legally acknowledged receives a yet further confirmation in the common parlance even of unwilling witnesses. It is sometimes the custom of English Churchmen and Scottish Episcopalians to distinguish in Scotland between "the Church" and "the Kirk," meaning by the former the Episcopalian and by the latter the Presbyterian system. It is difficult to imagine a more complete testimony to the national character of the Presbyterian Church than this surrender to it of the true Scottish name of the Church itself. The "Kirk," whatever the word may mean in English, in Scotland means "the Church," as truly as *Eglise* in French, or *Chiesa* in Italian. To speak of the Presbyterian community as "the Kirk," and the Episcopalian community as "the Church," is in fact to say that the Presbyterian community is the national Church of Scotland, and the Episcopalian community an offshoot of the Church of England.

#### MARY HOLLIS.\*

THE time of Charles II. is one well fitted to furnish the scenery for an effective historical novel, though perhaps hardly for an edifying one. In the coldest, driest, most matter-of-fact account it is still full of dramatic situations and picturesque contrasts—a sort of historical fancy ball, where the old Commonwealth man and the old cavalier, the politician and the courtier, the beauty, the patriot and the fanatic, jostle each other in quaint confusion. The Puritan fervour and piety in the heart of the nation crop out strangely here and there amid the general profligacy. Great political interests, matters on which the fates of England and of Europe turn, are mixed up with the base intrigues of rakish men of fashion and languid-eyed Sir Peter Lely beauties. In short, there is material enough for a religious, a political, and a sensational novelist rolled into one.

The author of *Mary Hollis* has caught this idea of the many-sided character of the Restoration period, and has worked it out with great elaboration, though we cannot add with great success. The novel is a translation from the Dutch of Mr. H. J. Schimmel, and may perhaps have suffered somewhat in the process of rendering into English; for the spirit of familiar conversation will evaporate even in the best translation; but in the present case we question whether there ever was any to evaporate. The translator, however, should have known that the son of a baronet is not a "young nobleman," and that "I am informed you have been brought up in the country quite different from what you are now" is not elegant English. But the main faults are inherent in the story. Mr. Schimmel has not, indeed, succeeded ill with some of the purely political characters, especially with that of his great countryman, William Prince of Orange. The story opens in the year 1670, some months after the signing of the secret Treaty of Dover, whilst William was paying a visit to his uncle in England. The picture of the silent and uncourtly young man, whom nobody knows whether to consider merely as an unmannerly and backward lad or as a cunningly reserved politician, is the best thing in the book. The author has treated him *con amore*, and made him one of the very few likeable personages of a story which mainly turns on the intrigues and counter-intrigues of the Duke of Buckingham and the rival favourites Barbara Palmer and Louise de Querouaille, of whose company we have a great deal more than is pleasant. Vice may be as dull as virtue; and though it is generally supposed that Buckingham relieved his bad qualities by the brilliancy of his wit, it would appear, from a perusal of the present romance, that during that period of his life in which he was brought into contact with Mary Hollis he permitted himself to be absolutely stupid. He is, however, eminently useful in setting all the puppets of the piece in motion. We first become acquainted with him as one of the traditional two horsemen of romance, beighted in the woods between York and Leeds, and finding shelter in Hallam Castle, the abode of Sir Henry Digby, a baronet of the ancient cavalier school, and his haughty and managing wife, whom Buckingham not unjustly terms a "vixen." The pair have an only child, Charles, a youth arrived at the age of twenty-three, who rebels against being set by his father to read the *Book of Sports*, which the author evidently conceives to be an edifying and bulky work of King James:—

For Sir Henry, the royal book was an infallible one, and he wished the contents of it to be acted upon by the Castle. He recommended the "Book of Sports" to all his family and dependants, and had again this evening handed it to Charles, his son and heir, after which he had fallen asleep.

Charles, being, as he says, "deadly tired" of the book, in a pet flings it upon the floor, exclaiming, "I will not read. D'y'e hear? I will not." At the heavy fall, Lady Digby is roused from her spinning, and as her son does not obey her command to "pick it up," she "gave Charles a box on his ear with the book, and cried out most imperatively, 'You shall read; Sir Henry said you should.'" This is not the sort of usage that a baronet's only son commonly receives from his mother; and it is not wonderful that Charles, groaning under this tyranny, finds it necessary to have a confidant for his sorrows in the shape of pretty Mary Hollis, the Nonconformist preacher's daughter.

Charles Digby and Mary Hollis both become objects of great interest to the Duke of Buckingham, who secretly pities the lad when his parents order him off early to bed, and is so struck with his good looks that he murmurs to himself, "A fine fellow!

\* *Mary Hollis: a Romance of the Days of Charles II. and William Prince of Orange.* By H. J. Schimmel, Author of "Lady Carlisle." 3 vols. London: John Camden Hotten.

Upon my soul, Madam Carwell would not be able to resist him." Upon this idea the Duke acts. He takes the handsome young Digby to Court, in the hope that he may attract the Duchess of Portsmouth sufficiently to excite the jealousy and anger of the King—neither a pleasant idea for a story nor a dignified position for a hero. The process by which Charles Digby is placed under the patronage of the Duke is in itself as monstrously improbable as anything can be. Sir Henry detests Buckingham, though only knowing him by reputation; but his guest, the object of his aversion, who has given his name simply as "Mr. George," assures him ironically, "Nobody hates the Duke of Buckingham more than I do"; and when, still keeping his name concealed, he pledges his word that he is "a nobleman, a peer of the realm, and a member of His Majesty's Privy Council," the Digbys are easily persuaded to entrust their son and heir to this stranger. And so the Duke, having vetoed a proposal of Lady Digby's to send the chaplain with Charles, rides off to London with his new-made *protégé*.

As for Mary Hollis, all readers of experience can guess that when Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, is introduced in a story, his business is to form designs upon the heroine. Aided by a slender stock of religious phrases, he first attempts to pass himself off as a Puritan; and on being discovered and turned out by Jacob Hollis, revenges himself by means of Sir Henry, who in his capacity as Justice of the Peace rides gallantly out at the head of the Royal dragoons from York to scatter a prayer-meeting. Considering that dragoons, or indeed regular troops of any kind, were scarce in England during the reign of Charles II., especially before the Tangiers garrison had been brought home, the ease with which they are obtained is remarkable. As Sir Henry blames His Majesty's Ministers for not sending him a company of infantry, it is plain that he does not share the dislike and suspicion with which most country gentlemen then regarded a standing army. The luckless Jacob Hollis, who has already lost his ears in the Star Chamber, is lodged in gaol, in the same cell as a felon sentenced "to die on the wheel"—we should think it was more probably on the gallows—while his daughter, on her return from visiting him in prison, is seized by agents of the Duke of Buckingham; and thus the pair of lovers are safely conveyed to London, Charles to be pushed at Court, and Mary to be immured in one of the Duke's houses. This last feat is a dangerous one, and is considered as such even by the *dame damnée* entrusted with its execution; for "he was well aware that a case of abduction was a flagrant transgression of a Bill lately passed, of the 'Habeas Corpus Act,' so much valued by every Briton who estimated [*sic*] his individual liberty." Dick Wharton's knowledge is the more remarkable, as the Act thus referred to was not passed till nine years after the date of the story; this foreknowledge, however, and his peculiar ideas as to its scope, are shared by others—by Lord Shaftesbury, and by a virtuous and patriotic ironmonger of the name of Wilkins. As for the scene between the Puritan maiden and the wicked Duke, its most striking incident is copied from the scene between Rebecca and Brian de Bois-Guilbert, with the difference that the Templar never fails to express himself with dignity, whereas Buckingham under similar circumstances can utter nothing more impressive than "Mary!—no suicide." After having made her escape, Mary is taken up by Lady Castlemaine, and introduced to the King, under the pretext of assisting her to obtain a pardon for her father, who, however, obligingly dies just as the desired favour is about to be granted. Now begin the marvels of the book. The demure Puritan damsel, who, to do her justice, is at the time ignorant of the name and position of her grand patroness, is taken, in the costume of a Catalonian *aldeia*, to a fancy-ball, where she captivates the monarch. His repeated visits do, indeed, at first disconcert and annoy her:—

But His Majesty's respectful demeanour, the serious conversation which she had with the monarch of the United Kingdom, a conversation which he not only tolerated but provoked, caused the idea to dawn upon her that she, the humble, insignificant country-girl, that she, the martyr's daughter, might become the instrument in God's hand of converting an awful sinner.

To young Digby, who points out the dangers of her course, she replies, "You have so far forgotten the history of God's people as not even to remember what was once done by Judith," explaining, however, that instead of carrying out the parallel by killing the King, she wishes to make him live. With the great case of Gifted Gilfillan before our eyes, we doubt whether any true-bred Puritan ever appealed to the Apocrypha with so much reverence. But her success is for the moment amazing. The King leaves off his evil ways, applies himself seriously to business—especially when she reads his State papers—and, climax of wonders, sends an order to the hitherto reigning favourites to quit the Court. The courtiers whisper and sneer:—

Not anything more important had occurred in the United Kingdom since the execution of His Majesty Charles I. Every one was most impatiently looking out for the dinner-hour; but, alas! His Majesty did not appear. The King had given orders to be served alone in his closet. New hopes were fixed upon the evening reception, but once more in vain. His Majesty wished to pass the evening in quietude.

"His Majesty is becoming independent," whispered one of the courtiers, with a significant nod to his neighbour.

"Suppose we call upon Miss Hollis," replied the other, with a bitter smile. But again they were disappointed. Miss Hollis did not receive anybody.

We remember how Mr. Pepys saw "a pretty Quaker woman" holding serious discourse with the King, he "arguing the truth of his spirit against hers; she replying still with these words, 'O, King!' and thou'd all along." But Puritan country-bred Mary Hollis, whom the King describes to the scoffing Buckingham as

"an angel in the shape of a lovely woman, a Madonna, as gentle as a lamb, as sensible as a bishop," leaves the pretty Quakeress far behind. She dwells in Whitehall, severely arrayed in black velvet, and Lord Shaftesbury and William of Orange come anxiously to seek for her co-operation. That her virtuous influence is of short duration, and gives way before the united efforts of Buckingham and the ladies she has ousted, may be easily foreseen.

As for young Digby, he obtains a commission in the Life Guards, and develops rapidly. He gambles recklessly, drinks deep, is introduced to the highest society, including that of the Duke of Monmouth, whose name, by the way, was not John Scott, and who could not on any hypothesis have spoken of the Prince of Orange as his nephew. Justifying Buckingham's opinion of his attractions, Digby becomes the favourite of Lady Castlemaine, and the object of a tender passion on the part of the neglected Queen Katharine of Braganza. Mr. Schimmel does not err on the side of refinement. No attempt is made to veil the utter scampishness of Digby and his associates, male and female. On the contrary, the author seems to have a delight in dwelling upon what artistic feeling alone should have told him would be better only hinted at. The stupid coarseness of the young cavaliers who rally Digby upon his success with Lady Castlemaine may be lifelike, but it is neither entertaining nor improving. As triumphant in war as in love, the hero is victorious in two duels; the second, in the cause of Mary Hollis, being fought with his former patron Buckingham. This scene is intended to be very effective, the encounter taking place by moonlight and in the snow, the combatants still wearing their fancy dresses—an idea evidently suggested by the well-known picture by Gérôme. For this exploit Digby is lodged in the Tower, whence he is delivered by Mary, who later on again steps forward to save him—this time by a falsehood—from the consequences of lifting his eyes to the Queen. After this, Digby, having come off with the loss of his commission, settles down at Hallam, and, in spite of vehement parental opposition, marries Mary Hollis, who "had gradually divested herself of her prejudices and sickly notions about God and the world in which she lived":—

Once even, when Charles, after a hard day's labour, had kissed her pure unsullied lips, she had gone so far as to confess to him what she had so often said to herself: "How good it has been for us to see life in London!"

Which, considering the nature of Digby's life in London, shows a great advance in liberality and breadth of opinion on Mary's part. As for the Duke of Buckingham and the Duchess of Cleveland, poetical justice is dealt out to them through their perfidious ally the Duchess of Portsmouth, who fools them both, and reigns thenceforth sole monarch.

Whatever may be the author's talents, they certainly do not lie in the way of sparkling conversation. The chief praise we can give to the story is that, compressed and put into verse, it might make an effective *libretto* for an opera. Dissipation, when represented in drinking choruses sung by cavaliers somewhat unsteady in their gait, amid the flying of champagne corks, the clinking of glasses and the rattle of dice, tells well on the stage. A long and dull fox-hunting scene, introduced apparently to show off the Prince of Orange's riding and the author's knowledge of the points of a hunter, would give an opening for a fine "Tally-ho" song accompanied with cracking of whips. Jacob Hollis, and Mary upon occasion, might be provided with religious music; the Queen, Lady Castlemaine, and Mary have all love-scenes in different styles, while the last heroine has no less than three striking and sensational situations to appear in. But, considered as a novel, we can only say that the translator has unconsciously described it in a note explanatory of the nature of the *Grand Cyrus*, a work to which the Duke introduces Mary, and by which she is much scandalized:—

A wearisome and long-winded romance by Mademoiselle de Scudéri, very popular at this period, and which would be more likely to send any fair reader of the present day to sleep, than to offend her by its want of refinement.

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